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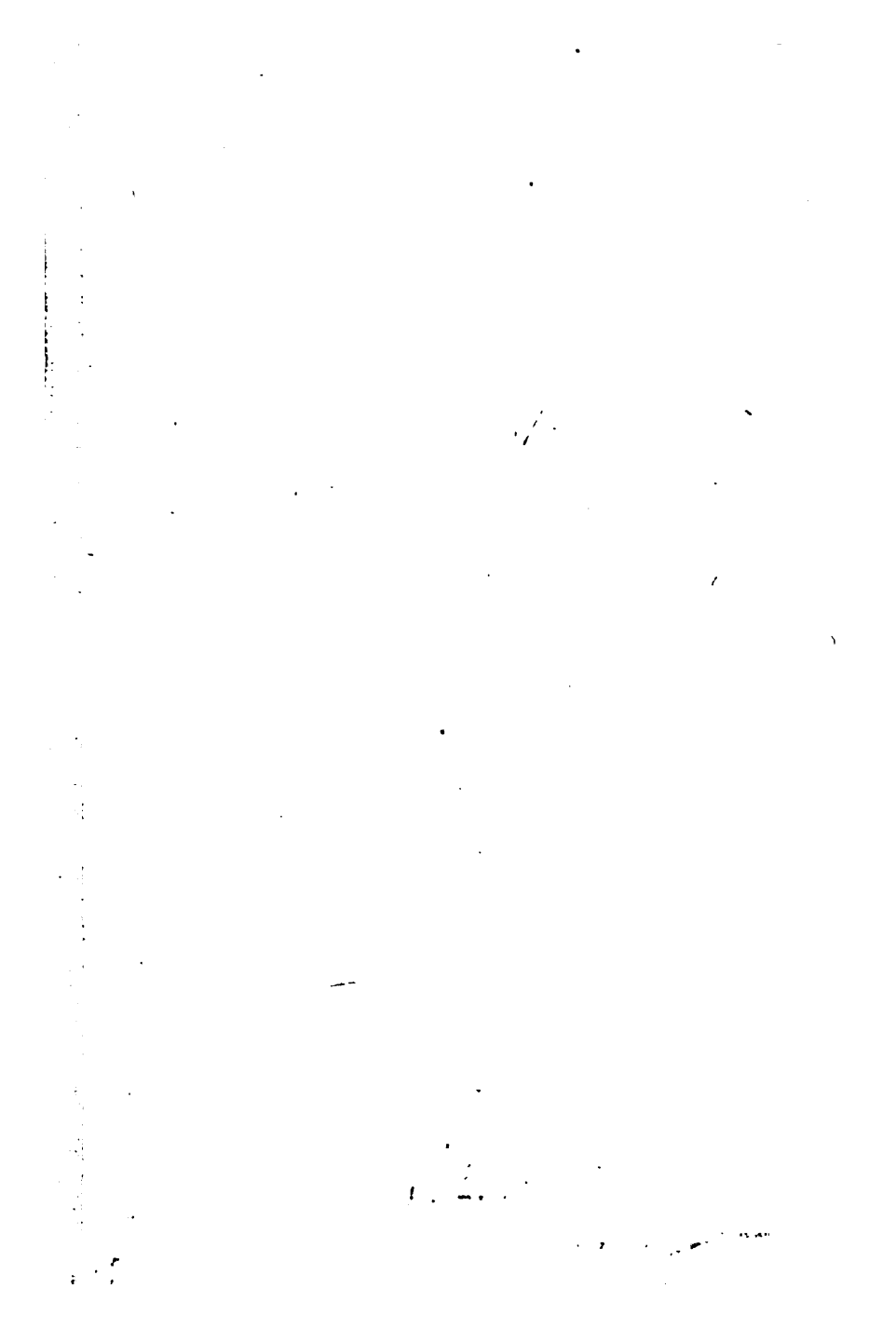
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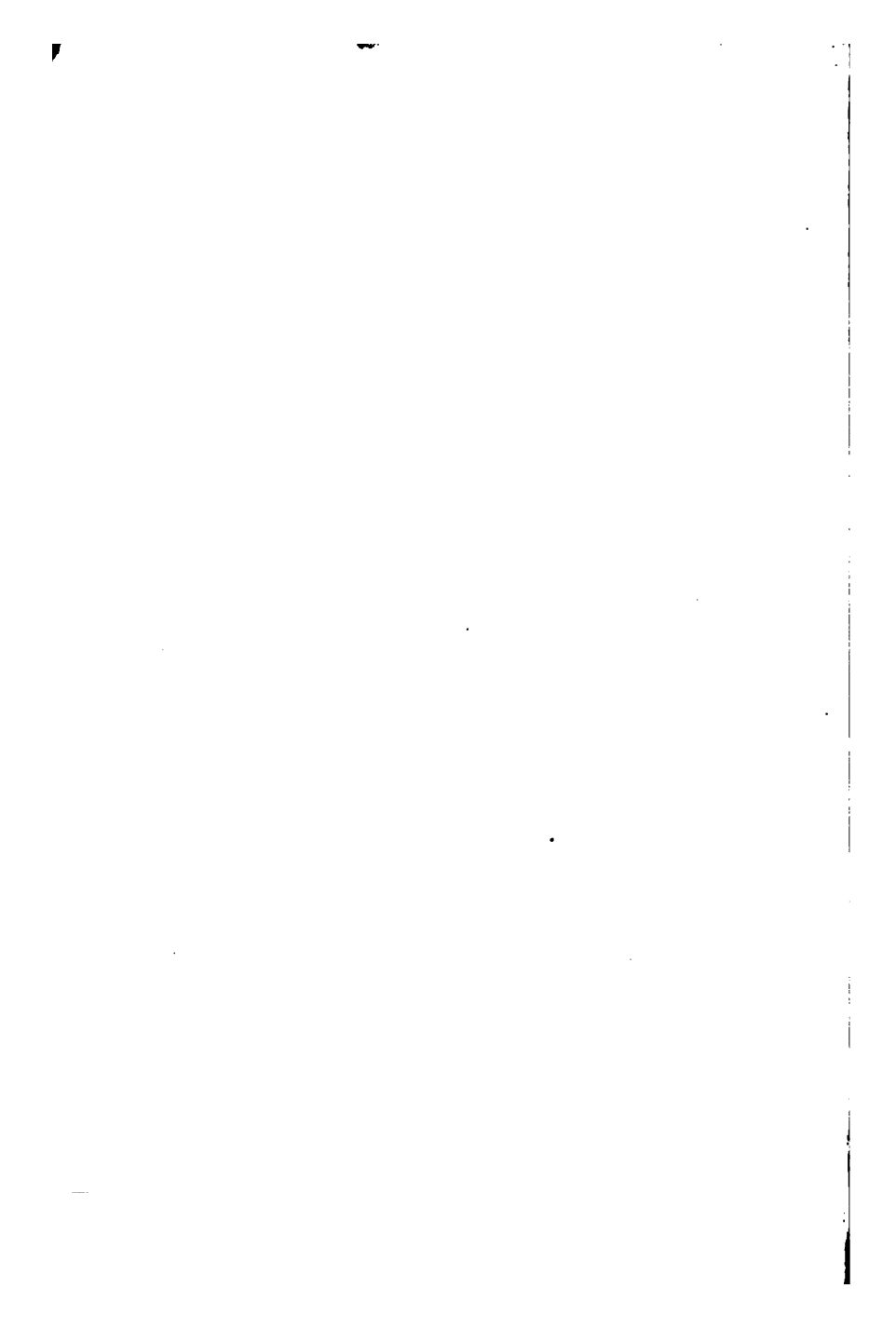
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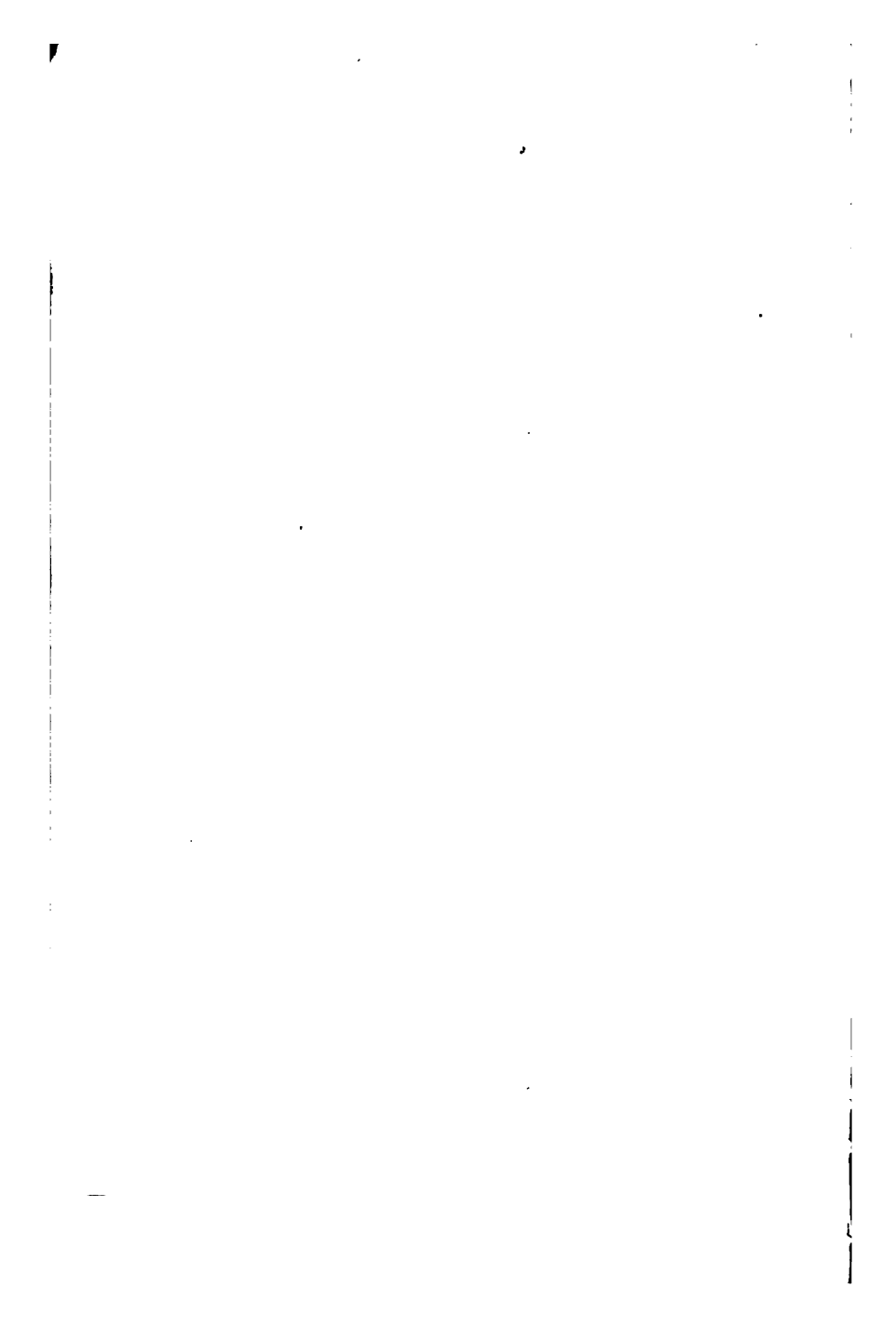
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HOW TO READ AND DECLAIM

By

GRENVILLE KLEISER

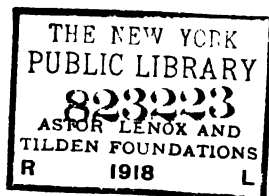
Formerly Instructor in Public Speaking at Yale Divinity School, Yale University; author of "How to Speak in Public," "Humorous Hits and How to Hold an Audience," "How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking," "How to Argue and Win," "How to Develop Self-confidence in Speech and Manner," etc.



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PREFACE

A course of instruction in reading and declamation should have as its prime object the cultivation of taste and refinement in the student. The mechanical aspects will serve to develop a graceful carriage, correct standing and sitting positions, proper management of the breath, accurate enunciation and pronunciation, and the essential qualities of a good speaking voice. The mental aspects will give the student ample practise in intelligent and sympathetic reading and recitation, both of prose and poetry.

As Professor Edwin Dowden, in his suggestive volume "New Studies in Literature," well says: "The reading which we should desire to cultivate is intelligent reading, that is, it should express the meaning of each passage clearly; sympathetic reading, that is, it should convey the feeling delicately; musical reading, that is, it should move in accord with the melody and harmony of what is read, be it in verse or prose." The lessons of this book will afford such training in reading, and the various extracts have been carefully selected with a further view to developing in the student mental alertness, poise, and self-confidence.

The foundation of all good speaking is to be found in naturalness and simplicity. The teacher of reading and declamation can not too strongly insist upon securing these

fundamental qualities in all the lessons of the course. It will be observed that, unlike most manuals of reading, this book contains few technical terms. Arbitrary systems of elocution have not met all the requirements of the teacher, and it is confidently believed, therefore, that distinctly better results will be achieved by the suggestive method presented here. The teacher will best know what length of time to devote to each lesson. The portion assigned to Expression, should, however, receive principal consideration.

It is recommended that the following points be specially emphasized:

1. First get the thought of a passage by silent reading.
2. Express both the thought and the feeling.
3. Make the reading interesting to your listeners.

GRENVILLE KLEISER.

New York City,
September, 1911.

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PART I
FIRST TERM—PREPARATORY COURSE
TWENTY LESSONS

PREPARATORY COURSE

FIRST LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

Standing Position. Stand easily erect, toes at an angle of forty-five degrees, knees straight, arms loosely at sides, chin slightly drawn in, chest high, and eyes straight to the front.

1. Physical Culture. Clench fists, palms upward; bend right arm at elbow, keeping elbow close to side; while returning to position, bend left elbow in like manner, and continue to alternate twenty times. Bring the arm up vigorously each time. Breathe deeply and regularly.

2. Deep Breathing. Inhale a deep breath slowly through the nostrils, expanding the abdomen and chest in the order named. Exhale gently and evenly through the nostrils, keeping the chest expanded with easy firmness.

3. Voice Exercise. Inhale deeply, through the nostrils, and then count, deliberately, distinctly, and in pure-toned voice, 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10. Take a breath between each numeral. Repeat the exercise on various keys, with both rising and falling inflections.

4. Articulation. Practise the following exercise for flexibility of lips; repeat the sounds horizontally, slowly

at first, gradually increasing the rate as facility is acquired:

bā	bē	bī	bō	bū
bē	bū	bō	bī	bā
bī	bā	bē	bū	bō
bō	bī	bū	bā	bē
bū	bō	bā	bē	bī

PART 2. EXPRESSION

NATURALNESS

The ultimate object of the reading lesson is to be able to express one's self with ease and naturalness. It should not be supposed, however, that what is habitual or familiar to the student is necessarily natural. To speak naturally, is to speak in tones suggested by nature; hence little children speak naturally because they have not yet acquired bad habits of speech. The reader is recommended to listen attentively to the conversation of little children, in order to distinguish this natural quality from that of mere habit or artificiality.

The student should bear in mind that a good reader does not attract attention to himself. His main purpose is correctly to interpret the meaning of an author and to convey that meaning to the hearer. When you read the extracts prescribed in this lesson, do not think merely of the sounds you are uttering, but more particularly of the sense back of the words. It will be helpful frequently to ask yourself such questions as, "Do I clearly understand the author's meaning?" "Am I expressing precisely the

thought intended by him?" "Am I conveying this meaning clearly and adequately to my listeners?" The student should learn to read readily at sight, and to this end the eyes should run ahead of the actual reading in order to get the sense in advance. It will be seen that learning to *read*, in the best sense, is simply learning to *think*.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. The low winds of summer blow over the waterfalls and the brooks, and bring their voices to your ear, as if their sweetness were linked by an accurate finger; yet the wind is but a fitful player; and you may go out when the tempest is up and hear the strong trees moaning as they lean before it, and the long grass hissing as it sweeps through, and its own solemn monotony over all; and the drip of that same brook, and the waterfall's unaltered bass shall still reach you, in the intervals of its power, as much in harmony as before, and as much a part of its perfect and perpetual hymn.

"Unwritten Music."

N. P. WILLIS.

2. Mohammed made the people believe that he would call a hill to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled; Mohammed called the hill to come to him, again and again, and when the hill stood still he was never a whit abashed, but said, "If the hill will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed will go to the hill."

"Of Boldness."

BACON.

3. Echo was a beautiful nymph, fond of the woods and hills, where she devoted herself to woodland sports. She was a favorite of Diana, and attended her in the chase. But Echo had one failing; she was fond of talking, and whether in chat or argument, would have the last word. One day Juno was seeking her husband, who she had reason to fear was amusing himself among the nymphs. Echo by her talk contrived to detain the goddess till the nymphs made their escape. When Juno

discovered it, she passed sentence upon Echo in these words: "You shall forfeit the use of that tongue with which you have cheated me, except for that one purpose you are so fond of—reply. You shall still have the last word, but no power to speak first."

"Echo and Narcissus."

THOMAS BULFINCH.

4. An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopt. Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprize; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation; when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence.

But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke: "I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this the old clock became so enraged that it was on the very point of striking.

"The Discontented Pendulum."

JANE TAYLOR.

5. To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy, until you step on the opposite shore and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In traveling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life and lessen the effect of absence and separation.

But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes—a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, that makes distance palpable and return precarious.

"The Voyage."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SECOND LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Clench the fists, the palms downward, bring right arm straight up in front on a level with the shoulder; while returning to position, bring left arm up in like manner, and continue to alternate twenty times. Keep the arms straight throughout this exercise. Breathe naturally.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale a deep breath rapidly and silently through the nostrils, expanding both the abdomen and chest. Exhale rapidly and silently through the nostrils.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Inhale deeply, through the nostrils, and then count, deliberately and distinctly, in a gradually ascending scale, 1—2—3—4—5—6—7—8—9—10. Commence at a low key and be careful not to increase the force of the voice on the higher pitches. Then repeat in a gradually descending scale. Take a breath between each numeral.

4. **Articulation.** Pronounce each of the following sounds very slowly and distinctly. After considerable practise they should be repeated rapidly in order to acquire facility in enunciation.

a-b, e-b, i-b, o-b, u-b—b-a, b-e, b-i, b-o, b-u, b-oi, b-ou

a-d, e-d, i-d, o-d, u-d—d-a, d-e, d-i, d-o, d-u, d-oi, d-ou

a-f, e-f, i-f, o-f, u-f—f-a, f-e, f-i, f-o, f-u, f-oi, f-ou

a-g, e-g, i-g, o-g, u-g—g-a, g-e, g-i, g-o, g-u, g-oi, g-ou

a-k, e-k, i-k, o-k, u-k—k-a, k-e, k-i, k-o, k-u, k-oi, k-ou

a-l, e-l, i-l, o-l, u-l——l-a, l-e, l-i, l-o, l-u, l-oi, l-ou
a-m, e-m, i-m, o-m, u-m——m-a, m-e, m-i, m-o, m-u, m-oi, m-ou
a-n, e-n, i-n, o-n, u-n——n-a, n-e, n-i, n-o, n-u, n-oi, n-ou
a-p, e-p, i-p, o-p, u-p——p-a, p-e, p-i, p-o, p-u, p-oi, p-ou
a-r, e-r, i-r, o-r, u-r——r-a, r-e, r-i, r-o, r-u, r-oi, r-ou
a-s, e-s, i-s, o-s, u-s——s-a, s-e, s-i, s-o, s-u, s-oi, s-ou
a-t, e-t, i-t, o-t, u-t——t-a, t-e, t-i, t-o, t-u, t-oi, t-ou
a-v, e-v, i-v, o-v, u-v——v-a, v-e, v-i, v-o, v-u, v-oi, v-ou
a-z, e-z, i-z, o-z, u-z——z-a, z-e, z-i, z-o, z-u, z-oi, z-ou

PART 2. EXPRESSION

DISTINCTNESS

It is of primary importance that the reader or speaker be easily heard. Loudness of voice is not so agreeable, nor so well understood as one of moderate volume if the tone be clear and the articulation distinct. It is good practise to dissect words and examine them syllable by syllable. When you read or speak, do not slur a single sound that should be enunciated. Bring your lips into full play, but do not mouth your words. It may be well to state here that daily care of the teeth plays an important part in correct articulation. The various extracts in this lesson should be read with particular regard to enunciating the elements in each word, with special attention to terminations. This preliminary practise is desirable, in order that you may eventually read and speak without conscious thought of your enunciation.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Blest is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou the valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused through immensity, undiscoverable except to faith.

"Labor."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

2. "Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.

"Very good!" replied the pendulum; "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness—you who have nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backward and forward, year after year, as I do."

"As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through?" "For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here; and altho there is a window I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and if you wish I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course of only the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute-hand, being quick at figures, presently replied: "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"The Discontented Pendulum."

JANE TAYLOR.

3. A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes abruptly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass runs on its wheels, like billiard-balls, inclines with the rolling, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, resumes its course, shoots from one end of the ship to the other like an arrow, whirls, steals away, evades, prances, strikes, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a ram which capriciously assails a wall. Add this—the ram is of iron, the wall is of wood. This furious bulk has the leaps of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the pertinacity of the ax, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the silence of the sepulcher. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its whirlings are suddenly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How shall an end be put to its movements? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind goes down, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopt, a fire put out—but what shall be done with this enormous brute of bronze? How try to secure it? You can reason with a dog, paralyze a bull, fascinate a serpent, terrify a tiger, and soften the noble heart of a lion; no resource with such a monster as a loose cannon.

"The Monster Cannon."

VICTOR HUGO.

4. A day or two ago, during a lull in business, two little bootblacks, one white and one black, were standing at the corners doing nothing, when the white bootblack agreed to black the black bootblack's boots. The black bootblack was, of course, willing to have his boots blacked by his fellow bootblack, and the bootblack who had agreed to black the black bootblack's boots went to work.

When the bootblack had blacked one of the black bootblack's boots till it shone in a manner that would make any bootblack proud, this bootblack who had agreed to black the black bootblack's boots refused to black the other foot of the black bootblack until the black bootblack, who had consented to have the white bootblack black his boots, should add five cents to the amount the white bootblack had made blacking other men's boots. This the bootblack whose boot had been blacked refused

to do, saying it was good enough for a black bootblack to have one foot blacked, and he didn't care whether the boot that the white bootblack hadn't blacked was blacked or not.

This made the bootblack who had blacked the black bootblack's boot as angry as a bootblack often gets, and he vented his black wrath by spitting upon the blacked boot of the black bootblack. This roused the latent passions of the black bootblack, and he proceeded to boot the white bootblack with the boot which the white bootblack had blacked. A fight ensued, in which the white bootblack who had refused to black the unblackened boot of the black bootblack blacked the black bootblack's visionary organ, and in which the black bootblack wore all of the blacking off his blacked boot in booting the white bootblack.

"The Two Bootblacks."

ANON.

THIRD LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Clench the fists, the palms downward; bring the right arm straight over the head; while returning to position, bring the left arm up in like manner, and continue to alternate twenty times. Keep the arms straight and breathe regularly.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale through the nostrils a little air, hold for a moment, then inhale a little more air, and continue to hold and inhale until the entire capacity is filled. Exhale in like manner. Use the deep abdominal movement throughout.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Repeat the sounds of a, e, i, o, u, commencing with light whisper and gradually increasing to a very loud voice, then gradually diminishing to light whisper, first with rising inflections throughout. Repeat with falling inflections. Take a breath between each sound. The following table illustrates the form of this exercise:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e	e
i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i	i
o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o	o
u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u	u

4. Articulation. Repeat the following distinctly and rapidly, carefully articulating the last syllable of each word:

Ceaseth, approacheth, rejoiceth, ceaseth.

Approacheth, rejoiceth, ceaseth, approacheth.

Rejoiceth, ceaseth, approacheth, rejoiceth.

Approacheth, ceaseth, rejoiceth, approacheth.

Ceaseth, rejoiceth, approacheth, ceaseth.

PART 2. EXPRESSION

VARIETY

Variety in reading is in keeping with the law of nature. The landscape would be monotonous to us if there were nothing but plains, but everywhere we look we see variety—in hills and valleys, in sunshine and clouds, and in trees and flowers. Many of the extracts presented in these lessons refer directly to nature, and therefore to read them naturally you must practise them aloud until you can express them with suitable variety. As you read the words of a passage, think *at the moment of utterance* what such words mean; and not only think of what you are saying, but try to feel what the author felt by putting yourself into his mood. One of the common faults of school reading is a tendency to be monotonous and mechanical. If you carefully follow these simple suggestions, there will be little doubt about the variety and effectiveness of your general reading style.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. There was all the excitement of a race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle making play in the distance, like a great top. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle

sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp, cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket going in to finish him. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle not to be finished. Until at last they got so jumbled together in the hurry-scurry, helter-skelter of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with certainty.

"The Tea-Kettle and the Cricket."

CHARLES DICKENS.

2. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

"The Glories of Morning."

EDWARD EVERETT.

3. O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day. Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people. For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

"Psalm 96:1-4."

THE BIBLE.

4. There is a positive pleasure in a golden bath of early morning light. Your room is filled and glorified. You awake in the very spirit of light. It creeps upon you, and suffuses your soul, pierces your sensibility, irradiates the thoughts, and warms and cheers the whole day. It is sweet to awake and find your thoughts moving to the gentle measures of soft music; but we think it full as sweet to float into morning consciousness upon

a flood of golden light, silent tho it be! What can be more delicious than a summer morning, dawning through your open windows, to the sound of innumerable birds, while the shadows of branches and leaves sway to and fro along the wall, or spread new patterns on the floor, wavering with perpetual change!

"Windows."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

5. "Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; and so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden inaction. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, altho it may fatigue us to think of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to do. Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times in its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?" "Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions." "Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that tho you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum.

"Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed;

when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up, as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night."

"The Discontented Pendulum."

JANE TAYLOR.

FOURTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Clench the fists, the palms upward, the elbows sharply bent and close to the sides, the forearm horizontal. Extend the arms at full length forward, opening the hands, the palms downward. Bring the arms back energetically to the former position, endeavoring to expand the chest as much as possible. Breathe deeply and fully.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Place the hands against the lower ribs, inhale through the nostrils and expand the waist sideways as much as possible. Exhale slowly through the nostrils, while contracting the waist sidewise, offering a slight pressure with the hands.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Fill the lungs and explode the voice upon the sound of *ha*. Draw in the breath quickly and again sharply strike the sound *ha*, making it ring against the back of the upper teeth. Repeat this on various keys, but always in a speaking voice. Care must be taken to convert all the breath that is emitted into pure tone.

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following vowels slowly and distinctly. After considerable practise repeat them rapidly, but always with special regard to flexibility of lips and distinctness.

I

i e u a o
i e u o a
i e a u o
i e a o u
i e o u a
i e o a u

II

i u e a o
i u e o a
i u a e o
i u a o e
i u o e a
i u o a e

III

i a e u o
i a e o u
i a u e o
i a u o e
i a o e u
i a o u e

IV

i o e u a
i o e a u
i o u e a
i o u a e
i o a e u
i o a u e

V

e i u a o
e i u o a
e i a u o
e i a o u
e i o u a
e i o a u

VI

e u i a o
e u i o a
e u a i o
e u a o i
e u o i a
e u o a i

VII

e a i u o
e a i o u
e a u i o
e a u o i
e a o i u
e a o u i

VIII

e o i u a
e o i a u
e o u i a
e o u a i
e o a i u
e o a u i

IX

u i e a o
u i e o a
u i a e o
u i a o e
u i o e a
u i o a e

PART 2. EXPRESSION

DIRECTNESS

Good speech means direct speech. You read aloud usually for the purpose of conveying thought to others. Having this aim clearly in your mind will tend to impart definiteness and directness to your expression. You wish the hearers not only to understand what you read, but to share with you the author's mood and feeling. It is noteworthy that those persons who are most interesting and impressive in conversation and in public speaking possess in marked degree this quality of directness. When you stand to read or speak, be yourself at your best, and your sincerity will communicate itself to your expression, and thence to your hearers.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. No punishments of Heaven are so severe as those for mercies abused; and no instrumentality employed in their infliction is so dreadful as the wrath of man. No spasms are like the spasms of expiring Liberty, and no wailing such as her convulsions extort. It took Rome three hundred years to die; and our death, if we perish, will be as much more terrific as our intelligence and free institutions have given us more bone, sinew, and vitality. May God hide from me the day when the dying agonies of my country shall begin! O thou beloved land, bound together by the ties of brotherhood, and common interest, and perils! live forever—one and undivided!

"Necessity of Education."

LYMAN BEECHER.

2. But the same impartial history will record more than one ineffaceable stain upon his character, and never, to the end of time, never on the page of historian, poet, or philosopher; never till a taste for true moral greatness is eaten out of the hearts of men by a mean admiration of success and power; **never** in

the exhortations of the prudent magistrate counseling his fellow citizens for their good; never in the dark ages of national fortune, when anxious patriots explore the annals of the past for examples of public virtue; never in the admonition of the parent forming the minds of his children by lessons of fireside wisdom; never, O never, will the name of Napoleon, nor of any of the other of the famous conquerors of ancient and modern days, be placed upon a level with Washington's.

"On Washington."

EDWARD EVERETT.

3. We none of us need many books, and those which we need ought to be clearly printed on the best paper, and strongly bound. And tho we are indeed now a wretched and poverty-struck nation, and hardly able to keep soul and body together, still, as no person in decent circumstances would put on his table confessedly bad wine, or bad meat, without being ashamed, so he need not have on his shelves ill-printed or loosely and wretchedly stitched books; for tho few can be rich, yet every man who honestly exerts himself may, I think, still provide for himself and his family good shoes, good gloves, strong harness for his cart or carriage-horses, and stout leather binding for his books. And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life—making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece, every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dogs' ears.

"Sesame and Lilies."

JOHN RUSKIN.

4. Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation,

or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on the battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here. But it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who have fought have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

“Address at Gettysburg.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

FIFTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Raise the arms straight in front on a level with the shoulders, the palms together; suddenly throw the arms back and down, endeavoring to make both hands meet together behind the back, at the same time rising on the toes. Keep head erect and chest well expanded.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale a deep breath through the nostrils; hold while *mentally* counting one, two, three, four, five, then exhale gently through the nostrils.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Hum the letter *m*, on a middle key, causing it to vibrate against the lips. Distinguish between nasality and facial resonance. In the latter the lips are made the principal place of vibration, while in the former the voice is wrongly directed to the nose. Repeat the exercise on various keys, holding strictly to one pitch at a time.

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following vowels slowly and distinctly. After considerable practise repeat them rapidly, but always with special regard to flexibility of lips and distinctness.

I	II	III
u e i o a	u a i o e	u o i e a
u e i a o	u a i e o	u o i a e
u e a i o	u a e i o	u o e i a
u e a o i	u a e o i	u o e a i
u e o i a	u a o i e	u o a i e
u e o a i	u a o e i	u o a e i

IV	V	VI
a i e u o	a e i u o	a u i e o
a i e o u	a e i o u	a u i o e
a i u e o	a e u i o	a u e i o
a i u o e	a e u o i	a u e o i
a i o e u	a e o i u	a u o i e
a i o u e	a e o u i	a u o e i
VII	VIII	IX
a o i e u	o i e u a	o e i u a
a o i u e	o i e a u	o e i a u
a o e i u	o i u e a	o e u i a
a o e u i	o i u a e	o e u a i
a o u i e	o i a i u	o e a i u
a o u e i	o i a u i	o e a u i

PART 2. EXPRESSION

VIVACITY

Animation is the life of expression. You should never read or speak, even upon the most ordinary occasions, in a listless, meaningless, colorless manner. Words are symbols of thought and feeling, and should, therefore, be exprest with life and vivacity. The more vividly you picture to yourself what you read, the clearer and more forceful it is likely to be to your hearers. Let your constant aim in reading be to enter into the inner spirit of

the selection, and to interpret the author's meaning by putting yourself in his place. Half-hearted effort is incompatible with proper expression. Good reading demands not only intelligence, but sympathy and enthusiasm. Cultivate mental alertness in all your speaking; know what you are about; concentrate your mind upon the particular passage you are reading; and constantly bear in mind that animation is the soul of expression.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. A railroad train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the town train was to wait had nearly elapsed; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity; and all because an engineer had been behind time.

"Behind Time."

FREEMAN HUNT.

2. Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise. Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm. With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King. Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

"Psalm 98:4-9."

THE BIBLE.

3. Who but the locksmith could have made such music? A gleam of sun shining through the unsashed window and checkering the dark workshop with a broad patch of light, fell full

upon him, as tho attracted by his sunny heart. There he stood working at his anvil, his face radiant with exercise and gladness, his sleeves turned up, his wig pushed off his shining forehead—the easiest, freest, happiest man in all the world. Beside him sat a sleek cat, purring and winking in the light, and falling every now and then into an idle doze, as from excess of comfort. The very locks that hung around had something jovial in their rust, and seemed like gouty gentlemen of hearty natures, disposed to joke on their infirmities.

"The Cheerful Locksmith."

CHARLES DICKENS.

4. Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise, in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and shall soon have passed our own human duration. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

"The Religious Character of the Origin of New England."

5. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind

to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

"The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SIXTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Extend both arms straight out at sides, the fists clenched; then swing the arms vigorously in circles from front to rear, keeping the rest of the body as still as possible, and the chest well expanded. Breathe deeply and regularly.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Bend forward slightly from the waist. Inhale a deep breath through the nostrils, direct the will to the muscles of the back and expand it as much as possible. Exhale deeply and fully through the nostrils.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Repeat the sounds a, e, i, o, u, directing each tone clearly and precisely toward a distant point. This projecting of the voice should be practised in both soft and loud tones. The aim throughout should be to acquire freedom, depth, and elasticity of voice. Speak to some one in the distance, without elevating the pitch of your voice.

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following elements clearly and firmly:

ip—it—ik—ip—ik—it—ik—ip—it
ib—id—ig—ib—ig—id—ig—ib—id
it—ib—ip—ik—ib—ik—ik—it—ip
id—ib—ib—ig—id—ib—ig—id—ib

PART 2. EXPRESSION

CONFIDENCE

It can not be too strongly emphasized that uncertainty in either reading or speaking is fatal to effectiveness. In connection with the reading lesson you have an exceptional opportunity to develop a high degree of self-confidence. Bear in mind that confidence is almost invariably associated with dignity, frankness, sincerity, and thoroughness. These qualities you should put resolutely into the work of the reading lesson. Thoroughness, indeed, is one of the fundamental qualities in any successful undertaking. There is no better test of your having comprehended an author's meaning than your ability to express that meaning in your own words. Proceed now to analyze one of the passages; then close the book and test yourself as indicated. When you stand to read before others, the realization that you have carefully studied the passage should inspire in you a feeling of confidence in yourself and in your ability to read with interest and intelligence.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own laws, cooperates with the world's eternal tendencies, and can not be conquered.

"Await the Issue."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

2. They gave their lives for their country, and gained for themselves a glory that can never fade, a tomb that shall stand as a mark forever. I do not mean that in which their bodies

lie, but in which their renown lives after them, to be remembered forever on every occasion of speech or action which calls it to mind. For the whole earth is the grave and monument of heroes. It is not the mere graving upon marble in their native land which sets forth their deeds; but even in lands where they were strangers there lives an unwritten record in every heart—felt, tho never embodied.

"Funeral Oration."

PERICLES.

3. My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings. Let them not depart from thine eyes; keep them in the midst of thine heart. For they are life unto those that find them and health to all their flesh. Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Put away from thee a froward mouth, and perverse lips put far from thee. Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil.

"Proverbs, 4."

THE BIBLE.

4. Phillips did not shrink from the sternest denunciation, or ridicule, or scorn, of those who seemed to him recreant to freedom and humanity. The idols of a purely conventional virtue he delighted to shatter, because no public enemy seemed to him more deadly than the American who made moral cowardice respectable. He knew that his ruthless words closed to him homes of friendship and hearts of sympathy. He saw the amazement, he heard the condemnation; but like the great apostle preaching Christ, he knew only humanity, and humanity crucified. Tongue of the dumb, eyes of the blind, feet of the impotent, his voice alone, among the voices that were everywhere heard and heeded, was sent by God to challenge every word, or look, or deed, that seemed to him possibly to palliate oppression or to comfort the oppressor.

"On Wendell Phillips."

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

5. Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth—that no evil can happen to a good man,

either in life or after death. He and his are not neglected by the gods; nor has my own approaching end happened by mere chance. But I see clearly that to die and be released was better for me; and therefore the oracle gave no sign. For which reason, also, I am not angry with my accusers or my condemners; they have done me no harm, altho neither of them meant to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them. Still I have a favor to ask of them. When my sons are grown up I would ask you, O my friends, to punish them, and I would have you trouble them, as I have troubled you, if they seem to care about riches, or anything, more than about virtue; or if they pretend to be something when they are really nothing—then reprove them, as I have reproved you, for not caring about that for which they ought to care, and thinking that they are something when they are really nothing. And if you do this, I and my sons will have received justice at your hands. The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways—I to die, and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

SOCRATES.

"From the Dialogs of Plato." Translated by Benjamin Jowett.

SEVENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Extend both arms straight out at the sides, the palms upward; then slowly rotate the arms and hands from front to rear. Keep the body as erect as possible, and breathe regularly.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale deeply through the nostrils. Hold the breath a moment or two while tensing the muscles of the waist. Exhale slowly through the nostrils.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Repeat the following with distinct enunciation and pure-toned voice: 1, ah; 2, ah; 3, ah; 4, ah; 5, ah; 6, ah; 7, ah; 8, ah; 9, ah; 10, ah. The purpose of the alternating of the "ah" is to train you to open your mouth well in speech. Repeat the exercise in various keys.

4. **Articulation.** Repeat with great rapidity:

bla—ble—bli—blo—blu

fle—flu—flo—fli—fla

gli—gla—gle—glu—glo

plo—pli—plu—pla—ple

slu—slo—sla—sle—sli

PART 2. EXPRESSION

PICTURING

When you analyze a passage for reading try to make a mental picture of the various thoughts. The image-making faculty can be surprizingly developed after a little prac-

tise. You are not likely to make others see vividly what you do not yourself see with your mind's eye. Do not forget that besides this preliminary practise in picturing, you must again see the picture at the moment of utterance. The examples given in this lesson lend themselves particularly to this kind of practise. You will find it helpful to put questions to yourself in order to bring out clearly in your mind the details of an extract. For example, after reading the first extract hereunder, ask yourself such questions as: Did you see the battle in actual progress? About how many men were there? What were they like? Can you describe any other details of the engagement? What time of the day was it? From what direction did the relieving army come? Were they on time? What was the result of the battle? Can you see the face of the defeated commander? Can you describe him?

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. A great battle was going on. Column after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west; reenforcements for the obstinate defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy failed to appear; the Imperial Guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was behind time.

"Behind Time."

FREEMAN HUNT.

2. There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church-spire, above the graves.

It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before laying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night; and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

"A Child's Dream of a Star."

CHARLES DICKENS.

3. There is a charm connected with mountains so powerful that the merest mention of them, the merest sketch of their magnificent features, kindles the imagination, and carries the spirit at once into the bosom of their enchanted regions. How the mind is filled with their vast solitude! How the inward eye is fixt on their silent, their sublime, their everlasting peaks! How our hearts bound to the music of their solitary cries, to the tinkle of their gushing rills, to the sound of their cataracts! How inspiring are the odors that breathe from the upland turf, from the rock-hung flower, from the hoary and solemn pine! How beautiful are those lights and shadows thrown abroad, and that fine, transparent haze which is diffused over the valleys and lower slopes, as over a vast, inimitable picture!

"Mountains."

WILLIAM HOWITT.

4. Behold him, ye that are humblest and poorest in present condition or in future prospect; lift up your heads, and look at the image of a man who rose from nothing; who owed nothing to parentage or patronage; who enjoyed no advantages of early education which are not open—a hundred-fold open—to yourselves; who performed the most menial offices in the business in which his early life was employed; but who lived to stand before kings, and died to leave a name which the world will never forget. Lift up your heads, and your hearts with them, and learn a lesson of confidence and courage which shall never again suffer you to despair, not merely of securing the means of an honest and honorable support for yourselves, but even of

doing something worthy of being done for your country and for mankind!

ROBERT CHARLES WINTHROP.

"Speech on the Unveiling of Franklin's Statue at Boston."

5. We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shellfish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over; they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest; their bones lie whitening in the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers offered up at the deserted fireside at home! How often has the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more."

"The Voyage."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

EIGHTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Extend the arms straight in front, the palms down, the hands loose. Slowly draw the hands back, gradually clenching them, until they touch the shoulders, all the while breathing deeply and tensing the muscles of the arms so as to make them tremble.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale deeply through the nostrils. Hold the breath while moving the shoulders up and down five times. Gently exhale through the nostrils.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Sing lē, lā, law, lah, loh, loo, with the throat easily expanded, *thinking* the back of the tongue *down*. First sing only one element; then combine all the elements in a sustained tone, changing very gradually from one to the other.

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following consonants slowly and distinctly, carefully noting the organs of speech involved in producing each sound:

I	II	III
T L K R	L T K R	K R T L
T L R K	L T R K	K R L T
L K T R	R L T K	R T L K
L K R T	R L K T	R T K L
K L T R	T R L K	R K T L
K L R T	T R K L	R K L T
T K L R	K T L R	L R T K
T L K R	K T R L	L R K T

IV

P F B G
 P F G B
 F B P G
 F B G P
 B F P G
 P B F G
 P B G F
 F P B G

V

F P G B
 B F G P
 P G F B
 P G B F
 B P F G
 B P G F
 G F P B
 B G F P

VI

B G P F
 G P F B
 G P B F
 G F B P
 G B P F
 G B F P
 F G P B
 F G B P

VII

P T K B
 P T B K
 B K P T
 B K T P
 B P T K
 B P K T
 P K T B
 P K B T

VIII

T K P B
 T K B P
 T B P K
 T B K P
 P B T K
 P B K T
 T P K B
 T P B K

IX

K T B P
 K T P B
 K B P T
 K B T P
 K P T B
 K P B T
 B T P K
 B T K P

PART 2. EXPRESSION

SIMPLICITY

Learn to read easily and naturally. Simplicity of style is characteristic of all great effort. It is seldom necessary to speak in a loud voice. You should modulate your tones, and learn to depend upon the intellectual aspects of reading—inflection, pausing, and emphasis—rather than upon mere force. As your consciousness of inner power increases, your outward expression will become gentle and natural. There should be no straining, no undue effort, but simply a liberating of your powers. Simplicity does not mean weakness nor indifference, but power under intelligent control. In reading the following examples try to realize the

meaning of what you are saying and as you attempt to interpret the various thoughts to your listeners, give the organs of speech the most perfect freedom.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds, and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours.

"On Self-Culture."

CHANNING.

2. Grandfather is old. His back is bent. In the street he sees crowds of men looking dreadfully young, and walking fearfully swift. He wonders where the old folks are. Once, when a boy, he could not find people young enough for him, and sidled up to any young stranger he met on Sundays, wondering why God made the world so old. Now he goes to Commencement to see his grandson take his degree, and is astonished at the youth of the audience. "This is new," he says; "it did not used to be so fifty years ago."

"Grandfather's Reverie."

THEODORE PARKER.

3. The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, tho I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil: my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

"Psalm 23."

THE BIBLE.

4. How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion, while I wander

along the bank, and listen to its low, placid voice, as to the voice of one who is dear and loving. I remember those large dipping willows. I remember the stone bridge; and this is Dorleote Mill. I must stand a minute or two here on the bridge and look at it, tho the clouds are threatening, and it is far on in the afternoon. Even in this leafless time of departing February it is pleasant to look at it—perhaps the chill, damp season adds a charm to the trimly-kept, comfortable dwelling-house, as old as the elms and chestnuts that shelter it from the northern blast.

"The Mill on the Floss."

GEORGE ELIOT.

5. It is not mere poetry to talk of the "voices of summer." It is the daytime of the year, and its myriad influences are audibly at work. Even by night you may lay your ear to the ground and hear that faintest of murmurs, the sound of growing things. I used to think, when I was a child, that it was fairy music. If you have been used to early rising you have not forgotten how the stillness of the night seems increased by the timid note of the first bird. It is the only time when I would lay a finger on the lip of nature, the deep hush is so very solemn. By and by, however, the birds are all up, and the peculiar holiness of the hour declines, lowing of the cattle blending in with the capricious warble of a thousand of God's happy creatures, and the stir of industry coming on the air like the undertones of a choir, and the voice of man, heard in the distance over all, like a singer among instruments, giving them meaning and language.

"Unwritten Music."

N. P. WILLIS.

NINTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Raise both hands above the head, the thumbs locked. Bring the arms straight down, without bending the knees, endeavoring to touch the toes with the finger tips. Breathe deeply.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale deeply through the nostrils. Hold the breath a few moments with an effort as if lifting a heavy weight. The muscles of the waist and abdomen should be firm and elastic. Exhale slowly through the nostrils.

3. **Voice Exercise.**—Pronounce each of the following words in a clear, explosive tone, without raising the natural pitch of the voice. Practise moderately at first, and use abdominal breathing throughout. Ready! Quick! March! Halt! Fire! Burst! Rush! Hold! Ugh! Zounds! Bah! For shame! Enough!

4. **Articulation.** The following elements are to be repeated distinctly and rapidly, as a tongue exercise:

da	te	di	to	du
to	du	to	di	ta
di	ta	de	tu	do
to	di	tu	da	te
du	to	da	te	di

PART 2. EXPRESSION

DELIBERATENESS

Avoid the common fault of reading rapidly and of skimming passages. Remember that deliberateness invariably makes a good impression, because it is associated with depth of thought and feeling. Deliberateness does not mean dwelling unduly upon words, but arises from judicious pausing. The time spent upon a single word—called quantity—may be lengthened if the thought requires it, but deliberateness applies to the style in which you read an entire passage. In your reading you should understand the relation of one thought to another. Unless you make what you read your intellectual possession you read in vain. To memorize without assimilation is one way to produce mental weakness. Deliberate on what you read, and you will read slowly.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Columbus was a man of great and inventive genius. The operations of his mind were energetic, but irregular; bursting forth, at times, with that irresistible force which characterizes intellect of such an order. His ambition was lofty and noble, inspiring him with high thoughts and an anxiety to distinguish himself by great achievements. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same elevated spirit with which he sought renown; they were to rise from the territories he should discover, and be commensurate in importance.

"Character of Columbus."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

2. Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding. For I give you good doctrine, forsake ye not my law. For I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. He taught me also, and said unto me, Let thine heart retain my words: keep my com-

mandments, and live. Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

"Proverbs 4:1-7."

THE BIBLE.

3. Wise, of a wisdom far beyond our shallow depth, was that old precept, "Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of Life!" Man is properly an incarnated word: the word that he speaks is the man himself. Were eyes put into our head, that we might see, or that we might fancy, and plausibly pretend, we had seen? Was the tongue suspended there, that it might tell truly what we had seen, and make man the soul's brother of man; or only that it might utter vain sounds, jargon, soul-confusing, and so divide man, as by enchanting walls of darkness, from union with man? Thou who wearest that cunning, heaven-made organ, a Tongue, think well of this. Speak not, I passionately entreat thee, till thy thought have silently matured itself, till thou have other than mad and mad-making noises to emit: hold thy tongue till some meaning lie behind, to set it wagging.

"Speech and Silence."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

4. Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son; but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land.

Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected: and it shall by-and-by be confest, as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name; every river shall keep some solemn title; every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary

of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

"The Honored Dead."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

5. I call upon those whom I address to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is Heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not that great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and it has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built up again; here, if anywhere, on these shores of a new world—of a new civilization. But how, I may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil; but they too generally do it because they must. Many submit to it as in some sort a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as escape from it. They fulfil the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit; fulfil it with the muscle, but break it with the mind. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theater of improvement. But so is he not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy workshop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has embroidered, 'midst sun and rain, 'midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to Nature; it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

"The Nobility of Labor."

ORVILLE DEWEY.

TENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Relax the arms at the sides; inhale deeply while raising the arms sidewise to a horizontal position; hold the breath and tense the arms until they tremble. Exhale quietly while dropping the arms to the sides.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Count in a loud whisper 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, taking a breath through the nostrils between each numeral.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Explode the following elements, first in whisper, then in a clear-cut voice, using abdominal breathing throughout:

ble	bla	blaw	blah	blo	bloo
che	cha	chaw	chah	cho	choo
fle	fla	flaw	flah	flo	floo
gle	gla	glaw	glah	glo	gloo
ple	pla	plaw	plah	plo	ploo
tre	tra	traw	trah	tro	troo

4. **Articulation.** The sound of *R* should receive the student's particular attention. It is formed by a trill at the tip of the tongue, and according as the tongue is made to vibrate at a point between the hard and soft palate it is called dental *R* or palatal *R*. Examples: bird, serf, oral, array, urge, mourn, verse, scarce, earth, verb, curl, pearl, arm, far, war, raw, grow, cry, pardon, roar. The *R* glide occurs where a long vowel immediately precedes it. Examples: appear, cheer, mere, poor, tour, your, expire, force.

attire, demure, zero. The letter *R* usually suggests vigor, authority, and emphasis. To suppress it when it should be pronounced is effeminate. As Spurgeon said: "Abhor the practise of some men who will not bring out the letter *R*." Do not say mussy for mercy, fust for first, thuffore for therefore, New Yohk for New York, yuuz for years, nor insert *R*, as, idear for idea, lawr for law, and commer for comma.

PART 2. EXPRESSION

GROUPING

This word has been borrowed from the art of painting, and is peculiarly applicable to the art of reading and speaking. In a painting you will observe that some figures are grouped together, or possibly placed in the background. So it is in expressing the thoughts of a passage. Certain words must be grouped together, because the thoughts belong together, and some words are to be given special prominence while others are to be subordinated. No arbitrary rules can be given for grouping, but if you closely analyze an extract you should be able to determine for yourself the proper divisions and disposition of the various thoughts. You must bend your intelligence to the passage under consideration, and before attempting to read it aloud, be quite sure that you have grasped its significance.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Words are, as Wordsworth has happily said, "the incarnation of thought." Indeed, words, in themselves, are nothing more than "mouthfuls of spoken wind," the sons and daughters of the tongue and lungs. They are hardened into consistency by a process of pens, ink, and paper. In this state they take form. But naturally they are immaterial substances, like

thoughts. The sculptor embodies an idea in marble, and we discriminate between the essence and the form. Why should we not also distinguish between a word spoken or conceived—between the body and the soul of an expulsion of air? Words, in truth, are entities, real existences, immortal beings; and, tho I would not go the whole length of Hazlitt, in saying that they are the only things that live forever, I would indicate their title to a claim in the eternities of this world, and defend them from the cavils of presumption and ignorance.

"Words."

WHIPPLE.

2. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve, a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and tho it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the appearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve. But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

"Behind Time."

FREEMAN HUNT.

3. One great benefit to be expected from giving to women the free use of their faculties, by leaving them the free choice of their employments, and opening to them the same field of occupation and the same prizes and encouragements as to other human beings, would be that of doubling the mass of mental faculties available for the higher service of humanity. Where there is now one person qualified to benefit mankind and promote the general improvement as a public teacher, or an ad-

ministrator of some branch of public and social affairs, there would then be a chance of two. Mental superiority of any kind is at present everywhere so much below the demand; there is such a deficiency of persons competent to do excellently anything which it requires any considerable amount of ability to do, that the loss to the world, by refusing to make use of one-half of the whole quantity of talent it possesses, is extremely serious. It is true that this amount of mental power is not totally lost; much of it is employed, and would in any case be employed, in domestic management, and in the few occupations open to women, and from the remainder indirect benefit is in many individual cases obtained through the personal influence of individual women over individual men. But these benefits are partial; their range is extremely circumscribed; and if they must be admitted, on the one hand, as a deduction from the amount of fresh social power that would be acquired by giving freedom to one-half of the whole sum of human intellect, there must be added, on the other, the benefits of the stimulus that would be given to the intellect of men by the competition; or (to use a more true expression) by the necessity that would be imposed on them of deserving precedency before they could expect to obtain it.

JOHN STUART MILL.

"Advantages of Enlarging the Intellectual Sphere of Woman."

4. The only accession which the Roman empire received during the first century of the Christian era was the province of Britain. In this single instance the successors of Cæsar and Augustus were persuaded to follow the example of the former, rather than the precept of the latter. The proximity of its situation to the coast of Gaul seemed to invite their arms; the pleasing, tho doubtful, intelligence of a pearl-fishery attracted their avarice; and as Britain was viewed in the light of a distinct and insulated world, the conquest scarcely formed any exception to the general system of continental measures. After a war of about forty years, undertaken by the most stupid, maintained by the most dissolute, and terminated by the most timid of all the emperors, the far greater part of the island submitted to the Roman yoke. The various tribes of Briton possess

valor without conduct, and the love of freedom without the spirit of union. They took up arms with savage fierceness, they laid them down, or turned them against each other, with wild inconstancy; and while they fought singly, they were successively subdued. Neither the fortitude of Caractacus, nor the despair of Boadicea, nor the fanaticism of the Druids, could avert the slavery of their country, or resist the steady progress of the imperial generals, who maintained the national glory when the throne was disgraced by the weakest or the most vicious of mankind. At the very time when Domitian, confined to his palace, felt the terrors which he inspired, his legions under the command of the virtuous Agricola, defeated the collected force of the Caledonians at the foot of the Grampian Hills; and his fleets, venturing to explore an unknown and dangerous navigation, displayed the Roman arms round every part of the island. The conquest of Britain was considered as already achieved; and it was the design of Agricola to complete and insure his success by the easy reduction of Ireland, for which, in his opinion, one legion and a few auxiliaries were sufficient. The western isle might be improved into a valuable possession, and the Britons would wear their chains with the less reluctance, if the prospect and example of freedom was on every side removed from before their eyes.

EDWARD GIBBON.

From "*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*"

ELEVENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Raise both hands above the head, clasp them, hold the breath, and sway the arms from side to side three or four times, while keeping the feet flat upon the floor. Drop the arms to the sides while slowly exhaling.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Count in one whisper, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Take a new breath through the nostrils and repeat. Gradually increase the count to 20, all in one breath.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Count 1 to 50, in one breath, and in soft voice, rapidly and distinctly. Then repeat a little louder. Repeat a third time still louder, but not too loud, all the while aiming at variety of voice, distinctness, and rapidity.

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following with great distinctness and rapidity:

Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With stoutest wrists and loudest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

PART 2. EXPRESSION

ALERTNESS

A well-trained reader is quick to grasp an author's meaning, and quick to fit the words of a passage to his mouth. Constitutional sluggishness is disastrous to proper expres-

sion. You can cultivate nimbleness of thought, imagination, and utterance, by urging yourself forward while studying this lesson: you can stimulate your interest by thinking what it will mean to you in your life to be able to read and speak well. Realize that it is worth your while to be mentally alert here, since it means larger development for you in other respects. Alertness does not necessarily mean rapidity of utterance; it simply implies that you know what you are about, that you do not stumble in your reading, and that every time you stand to read before others, you put forth your best effort. The reading lesson should be the most interesting study in the curriculum. Be wide-awake to its advantages.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods. In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also. The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land. O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For he is our God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

"Psalm 95:1-7."

THE BIBLE.

2. Hope was a smiling, dancing, rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy. Wherever he went he diffused gladness and joy around him; the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age, as it cast its dim glances at the blue vault of heaven, seemed inspired with new vigor; the flowers looked more gay, the grass more green, the birds sang more cheerily, and all nature seemed

to sympathize in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, but Hope partook of immortality.

"Memory and Hope."

JAMES K. PAULDING.

3. The best-laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

"Behind Time."

FREEMAN HUNT.

4. Gloriously, Max! gloriously! There were sixty horses in the field, all mettle to the bone; the start was a picture; away we went in a cloud—pell-mell, helter-skelter—the fools first, as usual, using themselves up. We soon passed them—first your Kitty, then my Blueskin, and Craven's colt last. Then came the tug—Kitty skimmed the walls; Blueskin flew over the fences; the colt neck-and-neck, and half a mile to run; at last the colt balked a leap and went wild. Kitty and I had it all to ourselves—she was three lengths ahead as we breasted the last wall, six feet, if an inch, and a ditch on the other side. Now, for the first time, I gave Blueskin his head—ha! ha! Away he flew like a thunderbolt—over went the filly—I over the same spot, leaving Kitty in the ditch—walked the steeple, eight miles in thirty minutes and scarcely turned a hair.

BOUCICAULT.

From "*London Assurance*," Act III, Scene 1.

5. At this critical juncture King Ferdinand emerged from the mountains with the main body of the army, and advanced to an eminence commanding a full view of the field of action. By his side was the noble English cavalier, the Earl of Rivers. This

was the first time he had witnessed a scene of Moorish warfare. He looked with eager interest at the chance medley fight before him—the wild career of cavalry, the irregular and tumultuous rush of infantry, and Christian helm and Moorish turban intermingling in a deadly struggle. His high blood mounted at the sight; and his very soul was stirred without him by the confused war cries, the clangor of drums and trumpets, and the reports of arquebuses, that came echoing up the mountains. Seeing the king was sending a reenforcement to the field, he entreated permission to mingle in the affray, and fight according to the fashion of his country. His request being granted, he alighted from his steed. He was merely armed en blanco—that is to say, with morion, back-piece and breast-plate; his sword was girded by his side, and in his hand he wielded a powerful battle-ax. He was followed by a body of his yeomen, armed in like manner, and by a band of archers, with bows made of the tough English yew tree. The earl turned to his troops, and addressed them briefly and bluntly, according to the manner of his country. “Remember, my merry men all,” said he, “the eyes of strangers are upon you; you are in a foreign land, fighting for the glory of God and the honor of merry old England!” A loud shout was the reply. The earl waved his battle-ax over his head. “St. George for England!” cried he; and, to the inspiring sound of this old English war-cry he and his followers rushed down to the battle, with manly and courageous hearts.

“At the Siege of Loza.”

WASHINGTON IRVING.

TWELFTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Place the weight of the body on the forward foot, the backward foot lightly touching the floor; reach out with the corresponding hand, stretching as far forward as possible; then gently relax and exhale. Repeat with the other foot and hand.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Catch the breath very quickly through the nostrils. Exhale suddenly on the element *hoo* as if blowing out a candle.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Pronounce the word "bell" in various keys, dwelling slightly on the "l," and making the tone as musical as possible. Then take a full breath and burst the voice open upon a singing "bell," again sustaining the tone and allowing it to die away very gradually. Vary the pitch and inflection.

4. **Articulation.** No single sound so readily betrays laziness and mental dulness in a reader or speaker as the sound of *d*. This letter calls for strength, pressure, and rigidity. For practise in the use of final *d*, the following lines from Tom Hood will be helpful:

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd,
Heavy to get, and light to hold:
Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled,
Spurn'd by the young, hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold.

PART 2. EXPRESSION

REPOSE

There is power in repose as there is power in action. The reader should learn to conserve his forces when possible. In order to read in poise—that is, without strain or exaggeration—you must cultivate self-control and deliberateness. Learn to express yourself quietly. Speaking should be as easy as breathing, but, unfortunately, many persons through perverted habit, speak in harsh, high-pitched, nasal, strident tones. Low, musical voices in reading or conversation are too seldom heard. Learn to relax when you read or speak, and you will so conserve your mental and physical energies as to double your working power. Always remember that “the highest art is to conceal art,” it is not practised merely to exhibit your abilities.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night.

“Dombey and Son.”

DICKENS.

2. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our

debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

"St. Matthew, 6: 9-13."

THE BIBLE.

3. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

"The Spectator."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

4. I stand alone upon the peaceful summit of this hill, and turn in every direction. The east is all aglow; the blue north flushes all her hills with radiance; the west stands in burnished armor; the southern hills buckle the zone of the horizon together with emeralds and rubies, such as were never set in the fabled girdle of the gods! Of gazing there can not be enough. The hunger of the eye grows by feeding.

Only the brotherhood of evergreens—the pine, the cedar, the spruce and the hemlock—refuse to join this universal revel. They wear their sober green through autumn and winter, as if they were set to keep open the path of summer through the whole year, and girdle all seasons together with a clasp of endless green. But in vain do they give solemn examples to the merry leaves which frolic with every breeze that runs sweet riot in the glowing shades. Gay leaves will not be counseled, but will die bright and laughing. But both together—the transfigured leaves of deciduous trees and the calm unchangeableness

of evergreen—how more beautiful are they than either alone! The solemn pine brings color to the cheek of the beeches, and the scarlet and golden maples rest gracefully upon the dark foliage of the million-fingered pine.

"Autumn."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

5. Solitude, tho it may be silent as light, is, like light, the mightiest of agencies; for solitude is essential to man. All men come into this world alone; all leave it alone. Even a child has a dread, whispering consciousness, that, if he should be summoned to travel into God's presence, no gentle nurse will be allowed to lead him by the hand, nor mother to carry him in her arms, nor little sister to share his trepidations. King and priest, warrior and maiden, philosopher and child, all must walk those mighty galleries alone. The solitude, therefore, which in this world appals or fascinates a child's heart, is but the echo of a far deeper solitude, through which already he has passed, and of another solitude deeper still, through which he has to pass: reflex of one solitude—prefiguration of another.

Deep is the solitude of millions who, with hearts welling forth love, have none to love them. Deep is the solitude of those who, fighting with doubts of darkness, have none to counsel them. But deeper than the deepest of these solitudes is that which broods over childhood under the passion of sorrow—bringing before it, at intervals, the final solitude which watches for it, and is waiting for it within the gates of death. O mighty and essential solitude, that wast, and art, and art to be, thy kingdom is made perfect in the grave; but even over those that keep watch outside the grave, thou stretchest out a scepter of fascination.

"Solitude."

DE QUINCEY.

THIRTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Suddenly relax the head and the arms so that the latter drop loosely toward the floor. Keep the knees straight. While resuming position, inhale deeply and fully.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Sip the air through the mouth very slowly, and with as little effort as possible. Exhale through the nearly closed lips very slowly and evenly. Make the inhalation and exhalation last as long as possible without fatigue. Time yourself.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Call the following words or exclamations to an imaginary person in the distance, occasionally dwelling on the tone, and varying the inflection:

Halloo! Hey! Soho! Hail! Hurrah! Aha!

Heigh-ho! Folderolloll! What a pity! Have a care!

Indeed! Pshaw! Hoity-toity! What do you say to that!

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following slowly at first, and increase to great rapidity:

wā	vā	wā	vā	wā	vā	wā	vā
vā	wā	vā	wā	vā	wā	vā	wā
vā	fā	vā	fā	vā	fā	vā	fā
fā	vā	fā	vā	fā	vā	fā	vā

PART 2. EXPRESSION

ILLUSSION OF TALKING

For the most part you should read as you speak, provided of course that you speak correctly and naturally. If, when you read, a listener who does not see you, receives the impression that you are speaking, it is evidence that you are reading naturally. The extracts under this division are to be rendered in conversational style. Practise of this kind tends to develop not only naturalness, but interest and vivacity. The student can not be too often reminded that the easy, unconscious grace and freedom of little children, both in voice and manner, serve as excellent models for more mature speakers.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Bah! that's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's Day! Do you hear it against the window? Nonsense: you don't impose upon me; you can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle; don't insult me! He return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!

"A Curtain Lecture of Mrs. Caudle." DOUGLAS JERBOLD.

2. Macbriar was then moved forward to the post of examination.

"Were you at the battle of Bothwell Bridge?" was, in like manner, demanded of him.

"I was," answered the prisoner, in a bold and resolute tone.

"Were you armed?"

"I was not. I went in my calling as a preacher of God's Word, to encourage them that drew the sword in His cause."

"In other words, to aid and abet the rebels?" said the Duke.

"Thou hast spoken it," replied the prisoner.

"Well, then," continued the interrogator, "let us know if you saw John Balfour of Burley among the party? I presume you know him?"

"I bless God that I do know him," replied Macbriar; "he is a zealous and a sincere Christian."

"And when and where did you last see this pious personage?" was the query which immediately followed.

"I am here to answer for myself, and not to endanger others."

"We shall know," said Dalzell, "how to make you find your tongue."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"Trial of the Covenanters after Battle of Bothwell Bridge."

3. "What are you disputing about?" asked an old man, whom they had not observed before, tho he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost fourscore and ten years, and my experience may, perhaps, enable me to decide between you." They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth. The old man smiled, and, for a few moments, sat buried in thought. He then said to them: "I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadows, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, survived my fortune, my friends, my children; the hilarity of youth, and the blessing of health." "And dost thou not despair?" said Memory. "No: I have still one hope left me." "And what is that?" "The hope of heaven!" Memory turned toward Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed: "Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other." "With all my heart,"

said Hope, and they continued forever after to travel together, hand in hand, through the world.

"Memory and Hope."

JAMES K. PAULDING.

4. It happened one day, about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprized with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot; how it came thither I know not, nor could in the least imagine; but, after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree; looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

"Robinson Crusoe."

DANIEL DEFOE.

FOURTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Extend the arms straight to the front, the hands clasped, and sway the arms from side to side as far as possible while keeping the feet firmly on the floor.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale deeply through the nostrils. Hold a moment, then pack until the entire breathing capacity is filled. Open the mouth and exhale slowly and deeply on the element *ha*. The voice should not be sounded.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Sing *tē, tā, taw, tah, tō, tōō*, first very softly, then with gradually increasing force. Endeavor to make the tone strike against the hard palate—the hard, bony arch above the upper teeth—and let the tone seem spun out and elastic.

4. **Articulation.** First sound the letters *s* and *z* separately. Then sound them *together* in a *continuous stream*, changing from one to the other. This exercise in voicing and unvoicing sounds is of particular value to foreigners acquiring English. Repeat with the following combinations, being sure to make each line a *continuous stream* of breath and voice:

sh—zh—sh—zh—sh—zh—sh—zh—sh—zh—sh—zh—sh—zh

th—th—th—th—th—th—th—th—th—th—th—th—th—th

f—v—f—v—f—v—f—v—f—v—f—v—f—v—f—v—f—v—f—v

PART 2. EXPRESSION

DIALOG

The study of dialog serves to develop sympathy and versatility in the speaker. It is important that you first have a clear conception of the characters you intend to personate, and of their distinctive qualities of voice, speech, and manner. After you have quietly read one of the extracts, imagine yourself to be the character or characters represented; then speak as you think they would speak. Supplement this lesson by studying some person in real life. Carefully observe such person's voice, enunciation, manner, gesture, and language. Write out your impressions of some of the people you meet. This exercise will be valuable to you in developing not only your expression, but also your powers of observation, memory, and adaptability.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Jean Valjean opened his eyes and looked at the Bishop with an expression no human language could render.

"Monseigneur, what this man told us was true, then? We met him and he looked as if he were running away. We arrested him. He had this plate."

"And he told you that it was given to him by an old priest at whose house he had passed the night? I see it all. And you brought him back here? That's a mistake, you can retire."

"My friend, before you go, take your candlesticks."

Jean Valjean was trembling in all his limbs. He took the candlesticks mechanically and with wondering looks.

"Now go in peace. By the way, when you return, my friend, it is unnecessary to pass through the garden, for you may always enter, day and night, by the front door, which is only latched."

Jean Valjean looked as if he were on the point of fainting. The Bishop walked up to him and said:

"Never forget that you have promised me to employ this money in becoming an honest man. Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from the black thoughts and the spirit of perdition and give it to God."

"Jean Valjean."

VICTOR HUGO.

2. *Capt. A.* Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well. Your sudden arrival at the bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What! you are recruiting here, hey?"

Capt. A. Yes, sir; I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, tho I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well, then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore to fix you at once in a noble independence.

From *"The Rivals."*

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN.

3. *Portia.* By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they

that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er cold decree. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I can not choose one, nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you), will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love.

"The Merchant of Venice."

SHAKESPEARE.

4. "So George came up, and he said: 'Father, I can not tell a lie; I——'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said: 'Father, I can not tell a lie. It was——'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? Oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did——'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said——"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said: 'Father, I can not tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than——"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No; said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

"*The Little Hatchet Story.*"

R. J. BURDETTE.

5. *Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas! what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-ax upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have

That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment.

"As You Like It," Act I, Scene 3.

SHAKESPEARE.

FIFTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Extend the right arm straight to the side, the palm down, the fingers stretched, while at the same time bending the left arm in a horizontal position, with the hand clenched close to the face. Then reverse. Considerable energy should be put into this exercise.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale deeply through the nostrils. Expel the breath through the mouth in a full, deep whisper upon the element *ho*. The voice should not be sounded.

4. **Articulation.** The sound of *wh* is frequently slurred by careless speakers. The following words should be practised, at first slowly, then with great rapidity:

whack,
whale,
wharf,
what,
wheel,
whelm,
when,
where,
whet,
whether,
which,
while,

whim,
whine,
whip,
whirl,
whisk,
whisper,
whistle,
white,
whither,
whittle,
whoa,
why.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Practise the following example for developing range of voice. Read the words as indicated by the numbers:

2. To the deep!

3. Down!

thrones!

remotest

of the

step

the

4. To the deep!

even to

and are

which seem

of things

bar

5. Down!

the

and

vale

the

6. Down!

through

life

and of

of death

strife

7. Down!

cloudy

the

through

of sleep,

the shades

1. Through

8. Down!

PART 2. EXPRESSION

RHYTHM

All forms of speech are more or less musical, but in the reading of poetry the effect of rhythm is more pronounced than in prose, and must be properly observed. The voice naturally alternates between a soft and heavy touch, and these impulses occur so regularly that any student with a moderate musical ear can readily detect them. This musical gliding from accent to accent reveals one of the beauties of our language, but must never be overdone. The important thing, in poetry as well as in prose, is the thought and feeling, not the word, the music, or the measured accents. Do not turn these beautiful extracts into "nursery jingles," but try to express them with musical rhythm, free from sing-song. The rate at which you read these various passages will be determined by their feeling.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. The Moon arose: she shone upon the lake,
Which lay one smooth expanse of silver light;
She shone upon the hills and rocks, and east
Upon their hollows and their hidden glens
A blacker depth of shade.

"Madoc."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

2. Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.

"Pleasures of Memory."

SAMUEL ROGERS.

3. She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

"Lucy."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

4. From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey,
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

"Song for Saint Cecilia's Day."

JOHN DRYDEN.

5. The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light

Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'—
The City's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion?
"Near Naples." PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SIXTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Extend the arms straight out at the sides, bend the arms firmly at the elbows while clenching the hands, then bring the elbows together at the front horizontal position, return to the side horizontal position, unbend the elbow to a straight-arm position, and drop the arms to the sides.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale deeply through the nostrils. Open the mouth wide and exhale a deep breath on the element *ah*, as in the word "father," endeavoring to make it last as long as possible. The voice should not be sounded.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Express in the sound of *ha* each of the feelings of joy, sorrow, surprise, fear, scorn, calmness, warning, laughter, peevishness, anger, humor, grief, courage, defiance, jealousy, gratitude, suspicion, admiration, reverence, triumph. Repeat in various feelings, with the expression "thank you!"

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following sentences in a whisper, so distinct that they may be recognized at some distance, despite the entire absence of vocal sound:

Do you really think so?
His crime moved me.
Swift of foot and slow of tongue.
The gig goes swiftly by.
Their tastes differ.
Some shun sunshine.
He accepts the offer.
Why did you do it?
Oh, yes, now I see you.
Goodness centers in the heart.

PART 2. EXPRESSION

MELODY

Just as rhythm brings out the regular and harmonious recurrences of accent, so melody seeks to combine the agreeable succession of sounds in a stanza and to bring them out as a pleasing whole. Nothing is more destructive to melody in reading than to give too marked emphasis to the rime, but, on the other hand, poetry is not to be read as if it were prose. The melody of speech, while not so marked or perfect as the melody of music, gives to our reading an exquisite sense of pleasure. Rhythm depends mainly upon accent; melody depends upon modulation or appropriate change of voice. A writer has well said: "The language of poetry is by no means common speech, nor is it to be lowered by a rugged, abrupt, and too colloquial familiarity. The melody of the verse must fall distinctly on the ear." The student will find that the study of music will greatly assist in developing melody of speech.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. My heart leaps up when I behold

A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began,

So is it now I am a man,

So be it when I shall grow old,

Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man:

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

"The Rainbow."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

2. The trumpet's loud clangor

Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.

The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum

Cries, "Hark! the foes come;

Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat!"

"Song for Saint Cecilia's Day."

JOHN DRYDEN.

3. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sound of music

Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims;

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.

"Merchant of Venice."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

4. The waves were white and red the morn,

In the noisy hour when I was born;

And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,

And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;

And never was heard such an outcry wild

As welcom'd to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,

Full fifty summers a sailor's life,

With wealth to spend and a power to range,

But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;

And Death, whenever he comes to me,

Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

"The Sailor's Song."

B. W. PROCTER.

5. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

"Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." THOMAS GRAY.

6. She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thought serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

"She Walks in Beauty."

LORD BYRON.

SEVENTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Bend the hands quickly at the wrists, first at the sides, then at the horizontal position at the sides and front, and finally overhead.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale a deep breath quickly and silently through the nostrils. Hold the breath a moment, then exhale quickly and silently through the mouth.

3. **Voice Exercise.** To overcome the common fault of nasality, first close the nostrils with the thumb and forefinger, and pronounce with great nasality the words "I go, so fare thee well!" While still holding the nostrils closed, repeat the words in pure, clear tone. This exercise will give intelligent control of pure musical quality of voice.

4. **Articulation.** First give separately and vigorously the sounds underlined, then the combination as a whole, after which pronounce the word which follows, bringing out the combination very clearly :

<i>Bd.</i>	Ebb'd, sobb'd.	<i>Nd.</i>	End, mind.
<i>Bdst.</i>	Stabb'dst, robb'dst.	<i>Pl.</i>	Plume, plod.
<i>Dl.</i>	Handle, kindle.	<i>Rb.</i>	Orb, verb.
<i>Fl.</i>	Flay, trifle.	<i>Sf.</i>	Sphere, sphynx.
<i>Gd.</i>	Begg'd, rigg'd.	<i>Thn.</i>	Length'n, strength'n.
<i>Kl.</i>	Cling, sparkle.	<i>Vd.</i>	Liv'd, sav'd.
<i>Ld.</i>	Gild, toiled.	<i>Zd.</i>	Gaz'd, us'd.
<i>Md.</i>	Nam'd, bloom'd.		

PART 2. EXPRESSION

FERVOR

The reader is concerned in expressing not only thought but feeling. If the student is habitually undemonstrative, he will find this lesson of particular value in developing his resources of feeling. Every person has more or less emotion, but it must be controlled before it can be intelligently and effectively used in speech. Plato calls the passions the wings of the soul. In the proper expression of the emotions three things are involved, viz.: the tones of the voice, the appearance of the face, and the gestures or action. The language of the passions, as written by the hand of Nature, is a study by itself. The passages hereunder are first to be analyzed closely, with the object of finding out the underlying feeling in each, and then of interpreting that feeling in reading aloud.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

"Pleasures of Hope."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

2. Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains and height of passion
For the fair, disdainful dame.

"Song for Saint Cecilia's Day."

JOHN DRYDEN.

3. The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
 Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
 And living as if earth contained no tomb,
 And glowing into day.

"Childe Harold."

LORD BYRON.

4. The cataract strong then plunges along,
 Striking and raging, as if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among; rising and leaping,
 Sinking and creeping, swelling and sweeping,
 Showering and springing, flying and flinging,
 Writhing and ringing, eddying and whisking,
 Spouting and frisking, turning and twisting,
 Around and around with endless rebound!
 Smiting and fighting, a sight to delight in;
 Confound, astounding, dizzying, and deafening.
 The ear with its sound.

"The Cataract of Lodore."

ROBERT SOUTHBY.

5. Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.
 Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
 How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
 His word was the arrow, His breath was our sword!

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the power of her pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
 Jehovah hath triumphed—His people are free.

"Miriam's Song."

THOMAS MOORE.

EIGHTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Take a full, deep breath, hold it, and raise the shoulders up and down six times while tensing the upper part of the body.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale deeply, so as fully to expand the entire circle of the waist. Fill the lungs to their fullest capacity without straining. Exhale deeply, fully, and smoothly, through the mouth, upon the element *ah*. The voice should not be sounded.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Send to the distance the elements "woo—woo—woo," "who—who—who," and "you—you—you," on different keys of the voice. Then repeat the following in clear-cut, projected voice:

"Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence! Proclaim! Cry it about the streets!"

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following rapidly and distinctly:

Esau Wood sawed wood. Esau Wood would saw wood. All the wood Esau Wood saw Esau Wood would saw. In other words, all the wood Esau saw to saw Esau sought to saw. Oh, the wood Wood would saw! And oh! the wood-saw with which Wood would saw wood! But one day Wood's wood-saw would saw no wood, and thus the wood Wood sawed was not the wood Wood would saw if Wood's wood-saw would saw wood. Now, Wood would saw wood with a wood-saw that would saw wood, so Esau sought a saw that would saw wood. One day Esau saw a saw saw wood as no other wood-saw Wood saw would saw wood.

In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood ever saw saw wood Wood never saw a wood-saw that would saw wood as the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood would saw wood, and I never saw a wood-saw that would saw as the wood-saw Wood saw would saw until I saw Esau Wood saw wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood. Now Wood saws wood with the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

PART 2. EXPRESSION

GOOD TASTE

What you habitually read largely determines your taste for literature. If your taste be good, it will manifest itself in your voice and manner, as well as in your language. Reading beautiful and exalted thoughts of great writers tends to impart these same qualities to your character and life. Hence, you will see how important it is to choose only the best authors for your daily reading. The extracts in these lessons have been chosen with particular regard for this need, and you are urged to commit as many of them to memory as possible. Repeated effort to enter into the innermost thought and feeling of these various passages will do more than any other exercise to develop your spiritual and intellectual discernment. These great thoughts bid you to rise to them.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Think all you speak; but speak not all you think:
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.
Where Wisdom steers, wind can not make you sink:
Lips never err, when she does keep the door.

"Epigram."

HENRY DELAUNE.

2. How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

"Courtesy."

JAMES T. FIELDS.

3. But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

"Song for Saint Cecilia's Day."

JOHN DRYDEN.

4. How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which Vernal Zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars, unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain her sleeping world.

"Queen Mab."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

5. Two voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him, but hast vainly striven:
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, oh cleave, to that which still is left—
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee!

"The Two Voices."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

6. The day-spring!—see!—'tis brightening in the heavens!
The watchmen of the night have caught the sign—
From tower to tower the signal-fires flash free—
And the deep watch-word, like the rush of seas
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth.

Bright years of hope
And life are on the wing! Yon glorious bow
Of freedom, bended by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high Arch,
A type of Love and Mercy on the cloud,
Tells, that the many storms of human life
Will pass in silence, and the sinking waves,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the Heavens.

"The Flight of Years."

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

NINETEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Place the hands on the hips, the thumbs to back, bend the body forward at the waist, then back to position, then to one side and back, then to the other side and back, and finally describe a circle at the waist.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Inhale deeply through the nostrils, hold the breath, and gently tap the chest with the palms of the hands. Exhale slowly, fully, and deeply.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Explode the voice clearly on the elements hē, hā, haw, hah, hō, hōō. Take a breath between each sound and use deep abdominal breathing throughout. Vary the pitch. Remember that the voice grows through use.

4. **Articulation.** The following list of difficult words is designed for special practise in syllabication. First utter the separate sounds of the word, then pronounce the word in a natural manner.

ver-i-si-mil'-i-tude

con'-scienc-es

re-cip'-ro-cal

in-cal'-cu-la-ble

re-spect-a-bil'-i-ty

ig-no-min'-i-ous-ly

ster'-e-o-typed

ef-fem'-i-na-cy

pal'-li-a-tive

ag-gran'-dize-ment

som-nam'-bu-lism

phan-tas-ma-go'-ri-a

coun'-te-nanced	im-prac'-ti-ca-ble
un-men'tion-a-ble	un-de-ci'-pher-a-ble
an-i-mad-ver'-sion	ex-em-pli-fi-ca'-tion
ca-lum'-ni-a-tor	pres-ti-dig'-i-ta-tor
re-crim-i-na'-tion	al-lit'-er-a-tive
jus'-ti-fi-a-bly	in-ter-loc'-u-to-ry
ir-re-claim'-a-ble	bib-li-og'-ra-phy
in-cen'-di-a-rism	ter-gi-ver-sa'-tion
un-change'-a-ble-ness	sub-sid'-i-ary
met-emp-sy-cho'-sis	in-ex-pug'-na-ble
met-a-mor'-phose	aux-il'-i-a-ry
pe-ri-o-dic'-i-ty	pre-rog'-a-tive
cease'-less-ness	ex-hil'-a-rat-ing
un-fath'-om-a-ble	gen'-tle-man-li-ness
e-gre'-gious-ly	a-nath'-e-ma-tize
in-im'-i-ta-ble	in-es'-ti-ma-ble
ex-ac-er-ba'-tion	hi-er-arch'-ic
ho-mo-ge-ne'-i-ty	phar-i-sa'-ic-al

PART 2. EXPRESSION

COURAGE

Just as the reading of beautiful and exalted thoughts will impart these same qualities to your character, so the reading of daring and courageous deeds will develop in you a high degree of valor. It is well to bear in mind that

courage means something more than mere self-confidence. It means the spirit to do and dare. It is a positive virtue, implying action. You are recommended to read frequently noble and heroic passages, both of prose and poetry, and to seek to make their spirit animate your own daily life. True courage manifests itself unmistakably in voice and manner, and should be resolutely cultivated by every student who aspires to eminence.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Press bravely on! and reach the goal,
And gain the prize, and wear the crown!
Faint not! for to the stedfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil;
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

"Press On."

PARK BENJAMIN.

2. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

"Julius Caesar."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

3. As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blest above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,

The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

"Song for Saint Cecilia's Day."

JOHN DRYDEN.

4. Stand! the ground's your own, my braves—
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And before you, see
Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! and will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

"Warren's Address."

JOHN PIERPONT.

5. At eve they all assembled, then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted, the board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall of an accurst land!"

"The night is growing darker, ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold—Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror (yet pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden felt death within her heart.

Nothing she heard around her (tho shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys, the pasture and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision, and in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz; and then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless, with noiseless step she
sped;
Horses and weary cattle were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger that fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—faster, and still more fast!
The smooth grass flies behind her, the chestnut wood is passed;
She looks up; the clouds are heavy; why is her steed so slow?
Scarcely the wind beside them can pass them as they go.

"Legend of Bregenz."

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

TWENTIETH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture.** Combine various movements of the arms and hands, first to sides, then to front and above head, slowly and rapidly. Alternate the tensing and relaxing of the muscles.

2. **Deep Breathing.** Read in a distinct, loud whisper five lines of prose, with the throat easily open, and with all the expression possible. Do not use any voice in this exercise, but let the enunciation be clear, deliberate, and powerful enough to be heard at a considerable distance.

3. **Voice Exercise.** Sing oo—oh—ah, beginning very softly, changing almost imperceptibly from one tone to the other, and gradually increasing the volume. Sustained singing tones are valuable to the speaker in securing command of voice, while they also improve the ear for musical quality.

4. **Articulation.** Repeat the following, slowly at first, then increase until they can be said with great rapidity:

The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms.

Two toads totally tired tried to trot to Tedbury.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shines Susan.
She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock; a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock.

Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster. Did Oliver Oglethorp ogle an owl and an oyster? If Oliver Oglethorp ogled an owl and an oyster, where are the owl and the oyster Oliver Oglethorp ogled?

PART 2. EXPRESSION

ABANDON

The organs of speech should be so thoroughly trained as to respond readily to all demands. There must of necessity be conscious effort before you can safely risk spontaneous performance, but after you have consciously applied some of the leading principles of good reading, it is well to let yourself go occasionally, in order to test your general powers of expression. The final aim of this study is to be able to read and speak without immediate thought of rules or principles. Let it be understood that to be in bondage to any set of nerves or muscles, is to destroy all possibility of natural and spontaneous expression. Learn the art of relaxation, of abandoning yourself to your expression, and you will be surprized to find yourself becoming master of your highest powers. Reading in this manner is like playing in tune. It simply means that there is a harmonious adjustment of the mental and physical machinery, and that you give the greatest freedom to your various powers of expression, because you have first brought them under discipline.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

"In Memoriam."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

2. "God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent-right.

"Early Rising."

J. G. SAXE.

3. Then I cast loose my buff coat, each halter let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise bad or good,
'Til at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

"How They Brought the News from Ghent."

ROBERT BROWNING.

4. 'Twas a jolly old pedagog, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye.
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, tho the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagog long ago.

"The Jolly Old Pedagog."

GEORGE ARNOLD.

5. I come! I come!—ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain—
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves;
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

"From the Voice of Spring."

• FELICIA D. HEMANS.

6. O blithe newcomer! I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice;
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?
While I am lying on the grass, thy twofold shout I hear:
From hill to hill it seems to pass, at once far off and near.

Thou babbling only to the vale of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale of visionary hours.
Thrice welcome, darling of the spring! even yet thou art
to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, a voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days I listen'd to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways, in bush, and tree, and
sky.

To seek thee did I often rove through woods, and on the
green;

And thou wert still a hope, a love; still long'd for, never
seen.

And I can listen to thee yet, can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget that golden time again.
O blest bird! the earth we pace again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place, that is fit home for thee!

"To the Cuckoo."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PART II
SECOND TERM—ADVANCED COURSE
TWENTY LESSONS

ADVANCED COURSE

FIRST LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson One of the first term, page 3.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

bā	pā	bā	pā	bē	pē	bē	pē
bă	pă	bă	pă	bě	pě	bě	pě
bī	pī	bī	pī	bō	pō	bō	pō
bĩ	pĩ	bĩ	pĩ	bǒ	pǒ	bǒ	pǒ
bū	pū	bū	pū	bōō	pōō	bōō	pōō
bũ	pũ	bũ	pũ	bǒǒ	pǒǒ	bǒǒ	pǒǒ

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sound of a, as in mate (see page 211).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT VALUES

The vitality of speech depends principally upon emphasis and feeling. The thought back of the word determines its value, hence your first object in reading should be to ascertain the author's meaning. When you clearly see the relation of one thought to another, you will know which words are to be emphasized, and which to be subordinated.

Good reading, therefore, has its basis in correct thinking. It is impossible to read intelligently to another what you yourself do not understand. If you are in doubt about the word to emphasize, ask questions of the author—who? which? why? where?—or transpose the passage, or, better still, try to express the thought in your own words. Once you have the thought, the proper emphasis will follow as a matter of course.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. There is first the literature of knowledge; and secondly, the literature of power. The function of the first is—to teach; the function of the second is—to move. The first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the mere discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding or reason, but always through affections of pleasure and sympathy.

"Essays on the Poets."

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

2. Blest are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blest are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blest are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blest are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blest are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blest are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blest are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blest are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"St. Matthew, 5: 3-10."

THE BIBLE.

3. Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable; tact is all that, and more, too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles.

It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

"Tact and Talent."

ANONYMOUS.

4. It was in the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. The rumor was abroad in Rome that a most startling scene would be enacted at the circus, and the vast building was crowded at an early hour. Commodus sat on a high, richly cushioned throne about midway one side of the vast enclosure. Soon a young man and young woman, their hands bound together behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place. They were left standing on the sand, distant about one hundred and twenty feet from the emperor, who arose, and in a loud voice said: "Behold the condemned Claudius, and Cynthia whom he lately took for wife! The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome! Whoever disputes it dies, and his wife dies with him! It is decreed!"

"The Doom of Claudius and Cynthia." MAURICE THOMPSON.

5. It is of vital importance to our success and pleasure in reading that the books which we read should be well written. It is also a prime necessity that our ideal of what good writing is should be just and elevated. Next to bad morals in writing should be ranked bad manners in dictions, or an infelicitous style. Awkwardness may be excused, and even accepted as an excellence, when it betokens sincerity and directness of aim; but vulgarity, affectation, vituperation, and bullyism, as well as "great swelling words of vanity," and lofty airs of pompous declamation, whether of the Asiatic and Oriental, or the American and Occidental type; whether heard in the harangue from the hustings, in the sermon from the pulpit, or in the speech to the universe in the legislature; whether written in the newspaper or the essay—are more nearly akin to moral defects than

is usually believed or noticed. Indeed, they rarely fail to indicate them. Vague declamation is a kind of conscious falsehood. Empty rhetoric is a certain sign, as well as an efficient promoter, of insincerity and hollowness, of sham and pretense in the character.

"Books and Reading."

NOAH PORTER.

SECOND LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Two of the first term, page 8.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

dā	tā	dā	tā	dē	tē	dē	tē
dǎ	tǎ	dǎ	tǎ	dě	tě	dě	tě
dī	tī	dī	tī	dō	tō	dō	tō
dǐ	tǐ	dǐ	tǐ	dǒ	tǒ	dǒ	tǒ
dū	tū	dū	tū	dōo	tōo	dōo	tōo
dǔ	tǔ	dǔ	tǔ	dōo	tōo	dōo	tōo

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of a, as in *message* and *care* (see page 211).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT VALUES (Continued)

There are several ways in which you can give prominence to certain words in a passage. You may express them by a change of force, pitch, movement, or inflection, or by means of a significant pause. The form of emphasis will depend upon the nature of the thought and your mental valuation of such thought. The mode of emphasis will

depend, too, upon your mood. You will not always emphasize the same sentence precisely in the same way. Feeling, circumstance, and purpose will influence you at the moment of expression. You will find it necessary to read a passage over several times before you grasp its meaning sufficiently well to render it aloud. This work in thought analysis is one of the most important branches of this study.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. We hardly know any instance of the strength and weakness of human nature so striking and so grotesque as the character of this haughty, vigilant, resolute, sagacious blue-stocking, half Mithridates and half Trissotin, bearing up against a world in arms, with an ounce of poison in one pocket and a quire of bad verses in the other.

"On Frederick the Great."

THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

2. A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger. The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright: but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness. The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good. A wholesome tongue is a tree of life: but perverseness therein is a breach in the spirit. A fool despiseth his father's instruction: but he that regardeth reproof is prudent. In the house of the righteous is much treasure: but in the revenues of the wicked is trouble. The lips of the wise disperse knowledge: but the heart of the foolish doeth not so.

"Proverbs 15: 1-7."

THE BIBLE.

3. The world is for the most part young. Children, boys and girls, young men and women, constitute the greater portion of society. Hence the importance we attach to education. Youth is the time of growth and development, of activity and vivacity, of imagination and impulse. The seeds of virtue sown in

youth grow into good words and deeds, and eventually ripen into habits. Where the mind and heart have not been duly cultivated in youth, one may look forward to the approach of manhood with dismay, if not despair. Southey says, "Live as long as you may, the first twenty years are the longest half of your life; they appear so while they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back upon them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them."

"Life and Labor."

SAMUEL SMILES.

4. He was indeed eloquent—all the world knows that. He held the keys to the hearts of his countrymen, and he turned the wards within them with a skill attained by no other master. But eloquence was, nevertheless, only an instrument, and one of many that he used. His conversation, his gestures, his very look was magisterial, persuasive, seductive, irresistible. And his appliance of all these was courteous, patient, and indefatigable. Defeat only inspired him with new resolution. He divided opposition by his assiduity of address, while he rallied and strengthened his own bands of supporters by the confidence of success which, feeling himself, he easily inspired among his followers. His affections were high, and pure, and generous, and the chiefest among them was that one which the great Italian poet designated as the charity of native land. In him that charity was an enduring and overpowering enthusiasm, and it influenced all his sentiments and conduct, rendering him more impartial between conflicting interests and sections, than any other statesman who has lived since the Revolution. Thus, with great versatility of talent, and the most catholic equality of favor, he identified every question, whether of domestic administration or foreign policy, with his own great name, and so became a perpetual Tribune of the people. He needed only to pronounce in favor of a measure or against it, here, and immediately popular enthusiasm, excited as by a magic wand, was felt, overcoming and dissolving all opposition in the Senate chamber.

"Character of Henry Clay."

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

5. Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitation of thought and feeling sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that even in the desire and the regret they leave there can not be but pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only as on the wrinkled sands which pave it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and while they last, self appears as what it is—an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organizations, but they can color all that they combine with the evanescent hue of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced these emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

"The Defense of Poetry."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THIRD LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Three of the first term, page 13.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

gā	kā	gā	kā	gē	kē	gē	kē
gǎ	kǎ	gǎ	kǎ	gě	kě	gě	kě
gī	kī	gī	kī	gō	kō	gō	kō
gǐ	kǐ	gǐ	kǐ	gǒ	kǒ	gǒ	kǒ
gū	kū	gū	kū	gōo	kōo	gōo	kōo
gǔ	kǔ	gǔ	kǔ	gǒo	kǒo	gǒo	kǒo

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of a, as in hat and harp (see page 212).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT VALUES (Continued)

Taste and clearness require that the law of perspective be observed in reading as it is in painting. You have already found yourself emphasizing certain words, and skimming lightly over others. In expressing contrasts you will usually emphasize by inflection, thus: "Are you going out to-day or to-morrow?" You do not here give extra force

to "to-day" or "to-morrow," but by lengthening the inflection, and contrasting one with the other, you give them special prominence. Emphasis by inflection is the most intellectual of all modes, and prevails among cultured speakers. Emphasis by force has its legitimate place, but should be used sparingly. To pause just before or after a word is a deliberate and effective form of emphasis. It is a sign of self-control, and often conveys the impression of depth and earnestness.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. What was it, fellow citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness, to the sanctity of plighted faith, to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers and of your Pilgrim sires was the rule of his life—the love of liberty protected by law.

"On Lafayette."

EDWARD EVERETT.

2. Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural

abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience.

"Of Studies."

LORD BACON.

3. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, more certainty in that of Pope. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied, that of Pope cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is the velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller. If the flights of Dryden are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If, of Dryden's fire, the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

"Dryden and Pope."

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

4. True eloquence does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory is contemptible. Even genius itself feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is elo-

quent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, Godlike action.

"True Eloquence."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

FOURTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Four of the first term, page 18.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

jā	chā	jā	chā	jē	chē	jē	chē
jă	chă	jă	chă	jě	chě	jě	chě
jī	chī	jī	chī	jō	chō	jō	chō
jĩ	chĩ	jĩ	chĩ	jö	chö	jö	chö
jū	chū	jū	chū	jōo	chōo	jōo	chōo
jũ	chũ	jũ	chũ	jöö	chöö	jöö	chöö

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of a, as in *ask* and *all* (see page 213).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT DIVISIONS

You have already seen that a judicious pause gives special emphasis to a word or phrase. The large use of pausing, however, is so to group words together as to give added clearness to thought. It will at once be seen, therefore, that proper pausing lends unusual interest to expression. Your pausing, like your emphasis, will disclose your

grasp and estimate of what you are reading. While your pauses should be as frequent and varied as the thought requires, you should be careful not to pause too often, else a jerky effect may be the result. Most persons read and speak too rapidly; hence it will be well for you to err on the side of deliberateness.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

"Psalm 103:11-16."

THE BIBLE.

2. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it can not lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment.

"The Sense of Beauty."

W. E. CHANNING.

3. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning; their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak or a piece of toast. With them morning is not an issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent of the day"—this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

"The Morning."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

4. Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting. They give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions which they excite are soft and tender. They draw off the mind from the hurry of business and interest, cherish reflection, dispose to tranquillity, and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship. In the second place, a delicacy of taste is favorable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. You will seldom find that mere men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense is sufficient for their entertainment; they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness that they would to another; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence.

"Delicacy of Taste."

DAVID HUME.

5. He was born to be great. Whoever was second, Hamilton must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult—no subject presented which he did not illuminate. Superiority in some particular belongs to thousands. Preeminence, in whatever he chose to undertake, was the prerogative of Hamilton. No fixt criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and the judgment stood firm till set aside by himself. When a cause of new magnitude required new exertions, he rose, he towered, he soared; surpassing himself as he surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching, at his pleasure, every string of pity or terror, of indignation or grief, he melted, he soothed, he roused, he agitated; alternately gentle as the dews, and awful as the thunder. Yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was greater in the eyes of those with whom he was most conversant. The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance; but Hamilton, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration. Over these matchless talents, probity threw her brightest luster. Frankness, suavity, tenderness, benevolence, breathed through their exercise. And to his family!—but he is gone. That noble heart beats no more; that eye of fire is dimmed, and sealed are those oracular lips. Americans, the serenest beam of your glory is extinguished in the tomb!

The death of Hamilton is no common affliction. The loss of distinguished men is, at all times, a calamity; but the loss of such a man, at such a time, and in the very meridian of his usefulness, is singularly portentous. When Washington was taken, Hamilton was left; but Hamilton is taken, and we have no Washington. We have not such another man to die! Washington and Hamilton in five years! Bereaved America!

"Eulogy on Hamilton."

MASON.

FIFTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Five of the first term, page 23.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

thā	thā	thā	thā	thē	thē	thē	thē
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

thă	thă	thă	thă	thě	thě	thě	thě
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

thī	thī	thī	thī	thō	thō	thō	thō
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

thĩ	thĩ	thĩ	thĩ	thổ	thổ	thổ	thổ
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

thū	thū	thū	thū	thoō	thoō	thoō	thoō
-----	-----	-----	-----	------	------	------	------

thũ	thũ	thũ	thũ	thoố	thoố	thoố	thoố
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3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of a, as in *warrant* and *sofa* (see page 214).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT DIVISIONS (Continued)

Grammatical pauses are not altogether sufficient to guide you in your thought divisions. They are important in showing the synthetical structure of a sentence, but in reading aloud, you will find many rhetorical divisions which you must determine for yourself. Here again your intelligence must be brought to bear upon the extract you intend

to read aloud. The pause is not an empty interval of time; tho the voice is still, the mind of the student should be fully occupied with the thought. Moreover, pausing does not mean dwelling long upon words, which gives the undesirable effect of drawling. Correct pausing is an intellectual element in good reading, and is of prime importance. Properly studied and applied, it should teach the pupil how to *think* with clearness and precision.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Since the thoughts and reasonings of an author have, as I have said, a personal character, no wonder that his style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind. That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seem artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner, the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas, and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony, rejoicing in his own vigor and richness of resource.

From "Literature."

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

2. We shall not have much reason to complain of the narrowness of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of use to us; for of that they are very capable; and it will be an unpardonable as well as childish peevishness if we undervalue the advantages of our knowledge, and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given us, because there are some things that are set out of the reach of it. It will be

no excuse to an idle and untoward servant, who would not attend his business by candlelight, to plead that he had not broad sunshine. The candle that is set up in us shines bright enough for all our purposes. The discoveries we can make with this ought to satisfy us; and we shall then use our understandings right, when we entertain all objects in that way and proportion that they are suited to our faculties, and upon those grounds they are capable of being proposed to us; and not peremptorily or intemperately require demonstration, and demand certainty. where probability only is to be had, and which is sufficient to govern all our concerns. If we will disbelieve everything, because we can not certainly know all things, we shall do quite as wisely as he, who would not use his legs, but sit still and perish because he had no wings to fly.

"The Limitations of Human Knowledge." JOHN LOCKE.

3. The essence of patriotism lies in a willingness to sacrifice for one's country, just as true greatness finds expression, not in blessings enjoyed, but in good bestowed. Read the words inscribed on the monuments reared by loving hands to the heroes of the past; they do not speak of wealth inherited, or of honors bought, or of hours in leisure spent, but of service done. Twenty years, forty years, a life, or life's most precious blood, he yielded up for the welfare of his fellows—this is the simple story which proves that it is now, and ever has been, more blest to give than to receive. The officer was a patriot when he gave his ability to his country and risked his name and fame upon the fortunes of war; the private soldier was a patriot when he took his place in the ranks and offered his body as a bulwark to protect the flag; the wife was a patriot when she bade her husband farewell and gathered about her the little brood over which she must exercise both a mother's and a father's care; and, if there can be degrees in patriotism, the mother stood first among the patriots when she gave to the nation her sons, the divinely appointed support of her declining years, and, as she brushed the tears away, thanked God that He had given her the strength to rear strong and courageous sons for the battlefield.

"The Essence of Patriotism." WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

4. It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to that enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disaster fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leapt from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever! Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, and ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

"Marie Antoinette."

EDMUND BURKE.

SIXTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Six of the first term, page 28.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

vā	fā	vā	fā	vē	fē	vē	fē
vă	fă	vă	fă	vě	fě	vě	fě
vī	fī	vī	fī	vō	fō	vō	fō
vĩ	fĩ	vĩ	fĩ	vö	fö	vö	fö
vū	fū	vū	fū	vō̄	fō̄	vō̄	fō̄
vũ	fũ	vũ	fũ	vȫ	fȫ	vȫ	fȫ

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of e, as is *eve* and *event* (see page 214).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT DIVISIONS (Continued)

When you read aloud your pauses should be neither too short nor too long. If too short, the thought may seem confused, and if too long, the effect may easily appear disconnected. The objection to uniformity in pausing is that it gives the impression of monotony, a fault to be avoided in all your reading. Pausing is useful not only in dividing

thought in order to make it clear, but in giving the reader opportunity to replenish his lungs, and in relieving the ear of the listener of what would otherwise be an incessant stream of sound. You are recommended to read each of the following extracts over carefully, first to find its general meaning; then read it a second time, indicating with a short stroke of the pencil just where you think a pause should be made. For this purpose one stroke may stand for a short pause, two for a medium pause, and three for a long pause. These marks, of course, will be only approximate, but they will show that you have really analyzed the entire extract.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over her people; and, while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affections by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Tho unacquainted with the practise of toleration—the true secret for managing religious factions—she preserved her people by her superior prudence from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighboring nations; and tho her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigor to make deep impressions on their states. Her own greatness meanwhile remained untouched and unimpaired.

"Character of Queen Elizabeth."

DAVID HUME.

2. The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and

steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of heaven. While he who is conscious of secret and dark designs which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit; but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence and exulting alacrity with him who feels at every step that he is in the pursuit of honest ends, by honest means. The clear, unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man stedfastly, yet courteously, in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm, elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

"Decisive Integrity."

WILLIAM WIRT.

3. We can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common housefly. Nor free only, but brave. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift, mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him the aspect of the matter is what to you it would be if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground and came crashing down with an aim. He steps out of the way of your hand and alights on the back of it. You can not terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters—not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no

advice of yours. He has no work to do—no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back-yard—what freedom is like his?

"The Freedom of the Fly."

JOHN RUSKIN.

4. It has been agreed, on account of the heat of the climate, that the judicial combat, which was the cause of the present assemblage of various nations at the Diamond of the Desert, should take place at one hour after sunrise. The wide lists, which had been constructed under the inspection of the Knight of the Leopard, enclosed a space of hard sand, which was one hundred and twenty yards long by forty in width. They extended in length from north to south, so as to give both parties the equal advantage of the rising sun. Saladin's royal seat was erected on the western side of the enclosure, just in the center, where the combatants were expected to meet in mid encounter. Opposed to this was a gallery with closed casements, so contrived that the ladies, for whose accommodation it was erected, might see the fight without being themselves exposed to view. At either extremity of the lists was a barrier, which could be opened or shut at pleasure. Thrones had been also erected, but the Archduke, perceiving that his was lower than King Richard's, refused to occupy it; and Cœur de Lion, who would have submitted to much ere any formality should have interfered with the combat, readily agreed that the sponsors, as they were called, should remain on horseback during the fight. At one extremity of the lists were placed the followers of Richard, and opposed to them were those who accompanied the defender, Conrad. Around the throne destined for the Soldan were ranged his splendid Georgian Guards, and the rest of the enclosure was occupied by Christian and Mohammedan spectators.

From *"The Talisman."*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

5. Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon; you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All this is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

"First Bunker Hill Address."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

6. Minds which have any claim to greatness are capable of divesting themselves of selfish considerations; they feel that they belong to the whole human race; and their views are directed to posterity alone. I was the friend of men who have been proscribed and immolated by delusion and the hatred of

jealous mediocrity. It is necessary that I should perish in my turn, because it is a rule with tyranny to sacrifice those whom it has grievously oppressed, and to annihilate the very witnesses of its misdeeds. I have this double claim to death from your hands, and I expect it. When innocence walks to the scaffold, at the command of error and perversity, every step she takes is an advance toward glory. May I be the last victim sacrificed to the furious spirit of party! I shall quit with joy this unfortunate earth which swallows up the friends of virtue, and drinks the blood of the just.

Truth! friendship! my country! sacred objects, sentiments dear to my heart, accept my last sacrifice. My life was devoted to you, and you will render my death easy and glorious.

Just heaven! enlighten this unfortunate people for whom I desired liberty. Liberty! It is for noble minds. It is not for weak beings who enter into a composition with guilt, and cover selfishness and cowardice with the name of prudence. It is not for corrupt wretches, who rise from the bed of debauchery or from the mire of indigence, to feast their eyes on the blood that streams from the scaffold. It is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, practise justice, despise their flatterers, and respect the truth. While you are not such a people, oh, my fellow citizens! you will talk in vain of liberty; instead of liberty you will have licentiousness, of which you will all fall victims in your turns; you will ask for bread, and dead bodies will be given you; and you will at last bow down your necks to the yoke.

I have neither concealed my sentiments nor my opinions. I know that a Roman lady was sent to the scaffold for lamenting the death of her son. I know that in times of delusion and party rage he who dares avow himself the friend of the proscribed exposes himself to their fate. But I despise death; I never feared anything but guilt, and I will not purchase life at the expense of a base subterfuge. Wo to the times! wo to the people among whom doing homage to disregarded truth can be attended with danger; and happy he who in such circumstances is bold enough to brave it!

"Patriotism."

MADAM ROLAND.

SEVENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Seven of the first term, page 32.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

zā	sā	zā	sā	zē	sē	zē	sē
zǎ	sǎ	zǎ	sǎ	zě	sě	zě	sě
zī	sī	zī	sī	zō	sō	zō	sō
zǐ	sǐ	zǐ	sǐ	zǒ	sǒ	zǒ	sǒ
zū	sū	zū	sū	zōō	sōō	zōō	sōō
zǔ	sǔ	zǔ	sǔ	zōǒ	sōǒ	zōǒ	sōǒ

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of e, as in grey and get (see page 215).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT DIRECTIONS

The slide or inflection of the voice indicates the direction in which the mind of the reader is going. When the sense is suspended, it is natural for the voice to run upward; and when the sense is completed, the voice naturally runs downward. The length of the inflection depends largely upon the force, feeling, and significance of the thought being ex-

prest. You should be particularly cautious not to use a rising inflection when the sense is complete. Suit your voice to your thought, and the inflection is likely to be correct, except in rare cases where there is lack of musical ear. A sentence does not necessarily close with a falling inflection, nor a question with a rising inflection. Remember that the sense of a passage is the real guide here, as in the use of all the modulations. The direction of your voice depends upon where you are directing your thought.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge—a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scrapping, clutching, covetous old sinner. Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait, made his eyes red, his thin lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rim was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about him; he iced his office in the dog-days, and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas!

"Scrooge and Morley."

CHARLES DICKENS.

2. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou

hast put all things under his feet: All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

"Psalm 8."

THE BIBLE.

3. When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and fairly quarreled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square. I am sneered at by all my acquaintances and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humors; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

From "*The School for Scandal*." RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

4. "Why, prithee, friend," cries the host, "dost thou pretend never to have told a lie in thy life?" "Never a malicious one, I am certain," answered Adams, "nor with a design to injure the reputation of any man living." "Pugh! malicious; no, no," replied the host, "not malicious with a design to hang a man, or bring him into trouble; but surely, out of love to oneself, one must speak better of a friend than an enemy." "Out of love to yourself, you should confine yourself to truth," says Adams, "for by doing otherwise you injure the noblest part of yourself, your immortal soul. I can hardly believe any man such an idiot to risk the loss of that by any trifling gain, and the greatest gain in this world is but dirt in comparison of what shall be revealed hereafter." Upon which the host, tak-

ing up the cup, with a smile, drank a health to hereafter; adding, "he was for something present." "Why," says Adams, very gravely, "do you not believe in another world?" To which the host answered, "Yes; he was no atheist." "And you believe you have an immortal soul?" cries Adams. He answered, "God forbid he should not."

"Parson Adams Questions the Landlord." HENRY FIELDING.

5. I walked up the street, gazing about, till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a threepenny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me threepenny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprized at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Reed, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draft of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

"Franklin's First Day in Philadelphia."

FRANKLIN.

EIGHTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Eight of the first term, page 36.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

zhā shā zhā shā zhē shē zhē shē

zhǎ shǎ zhǎ shǎ zhě shě zhě shě

zhī shī zhī shī zhō shō zhō shō

zhǐ shǐ zhǐ shǐ zhǒ shǒ zhǒ shǒ

zhū shū zhū shū zhōo shōo zhōo shōo

zhǔ shǔ zhǔ shǔ zhǒo shǒo zhǒo shǒo

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of e, as in ere and her (see page 216).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT DIRECTIONS (Continued)

The rules for inflection may be stated briefly. The rising inflection is used to express suspended sense, in questions that can be answered by a simple "yes" or "no," in parenthesis, and sometimes in making a statement generally accepted as true. The falling inflection usually indicates completion of sense, but may be applied to any word if

special emphasis is required. The circumflex inflection, which combines the rising and falling, is not often used, but is effective in expressing thoughts of sarcasm, insinuation, and double meaning. Proper inflection plays an important part in the music of speech. Almost every one employs these curves of the voice correctly in conversation, but in reading aloud, or in public speaking, the tendency is to become artificial. When you read or speak before a large audience, do not depend upon loud or single tones for your carrying power, but rather upon varied inflections, combined with increased intensity of voice.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is it so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are they so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? Why will these melt away. not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

"Cloud Beauty."

JOHN RUSKIN.

2. As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprized into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse

in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

"Sir Roger de Coverley at Church."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

3. Formidable sounds and furious declamation, confident assertions and lofty periods may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of temper would permit him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason, rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression upon the mind. He would learn that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them.

"Speech of Walpole in Reproof of Mr. Pitt."

HORACE WALPOLE.

4. The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness, and blind to light; mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing, except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers.

"Mr. A——," says some one, "is a religious man." He will answer, "Yes, on Sundays." "Mr. B—— has just joined the church." "Certainly, the elections are coming on." "The minister of the Gospel is called an example of diligence." "It is his trade." "Such a man is generous"—"of other men's money." "This man is obliging"—"to lull suspicion and cheat you." "That man is upright"—"because, he is green."

"The Cynic."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

5. Is it not wonderful that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some places of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain? You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theater or lecture-room, and, calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder and turn him out of it into the back seats or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children are being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them. But you are not the least indignant if, when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are in the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.

"The True Use of Wealth."

JOHN RUSKIN.

NINTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Nine of the first term, page 40.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

blā blā blā blā blē blē blē blē

blă blă blă blă blĕ blĕ blĕ blĕ

blī blī blī blī blō blō blō blō

blĭ blĭ blĭ blĭ blö blö blö blö

blū blū blū blū blōō blōō blōō blōō

blŭ blŭ blŭ blŭ blöö blöö blöö blöö

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of e and i, as in *ever* and *ice* (see page 217).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

THOUGHT DIRECTIONS (Continued)

It is well to bear in mind that if you have a clear idea of what you are expressing, the inflections of your voice are likely to be correct. You must learn to *connect* the thought of an extract properly in your mind, so that you will not allow your voice to fall where it should rise. Until you carefully analyze a passage to note the relation

of one sentence to another, you can not know for a certainty what to do with your voice. Each of the extracts hereunder should be studied with great care, and only after you feel reasonably sure that you have grasped the *connected thought* of the passage should you attempt to read it aloud.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. For what purpose did the infinite Creator give existence to this majestic monument of His almighty power? For what purpose did He create the earth and the heavens, with all their unnumbered hosts? Was it not evidently that He might communicate happiness; and does not this design appear conspicuous on the open face of nature? What is the plain and unequivocal indication of all those marks of infinite wisdom and skilful contrivance in the general dispositions, and in all parts of surrounding nature? Is it not that the Creator of all things is infinitely good? Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the regular and harmonious disposition of the heavenly orbs? Instead of this beautiful order, why was there not the most horrible confusion? Instead of this benignant harmony of the spheres, why was there not a perpetual jar and the most disastrous concussion? Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the grandeur and beauty of the creation, so favorably adapted to elevate, to inspire with admiration, and fill with the purest pleasure the devout and contemplative mind? Why was not the whole creation so formed as only to excite amazement, terror and despair? Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the beautiful scenery of our globe—so agreeably diversified with continents and seas, islands and lakes, mountains and plains, hills and valleys, adapted to various beneficial purposes, and abounding with productions, in endless variety, for the convenience, the support, and the happiness of its diversified inhabitants?

"The Goodness of God."

WORCESTER.

2. I would not slight this wondrous world. I love its day and night. Its flowers and its fruits are dear to me. I would not wilfully lose sight of a departing cloud. Every year opens new beauty in a star, or in a purple gentian fringed with loveliness. The laws, too, of matter seem more wonderful the more I study them, in the whirling eddies of the dust, in the curious shells of former life buried by thousands in a grain of chalk, or in the shining diagrams of light above my head. Even the ugly becomes beautiful when truly seen. I see the jewel in the bumpy toad. The more I live, the more I love this lovely world; feel more its Author in each little thing—in all that's great. But yet I feel my immortality the more. In childhood the consciousness of immortal life buds forth feeble, tho full of promise. In the man it unfolds its fragrant petals, his most celestial flower, to mature its seed throughout eternity. The prospect of that everlasting life, the perfect justice yet to come, the infinite progress before us, cheer and comfort the heart. Sad and disappointed, full of self-reproach, we shall not be so forever. The light of heaven breaks upon the night of trial, sorrow, sin; the somber clouds which overhang the east, grown purple now, tell us the dawn of heaven is coming on. Our faces, gleamed on by that, smile in the new-born glow. We are beguiled of our sadness before we are aware.

"Immortality."

THEODORE PARKER.

3. Among the legends of our late Civil War, there is a story of a dinner-party, given by the Americans residing in Paris, at which were propounded sundry toasts, concerning not so much the past and present as the expected glories of the great American nation. In the general character of these toasts, geographical considerations were very prominent, and the principal fact which seemed to occupy the minds of the speakers was the unprecedented bigness of our country.

"Here's to the United States!" said the first speaker, "bounded on the north by British America, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the east by the Atlantic, and on the west by the Pacific Ocean!"

"But," said the second speaker, "this is far too limited a

view of the subject, and, in assigning our boundaries, we must look to the great and glorious future which is prescribed for us by the manifest destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. Here's to the United States! bounded on the north by the North Pole, on the south by the South Pole, on the east by the rising, and on the west by the setting, sun!"

Emphatic applause greeted the aspiring prophecy. But here arose the third speaker, a very serious gentleman, from the far West. "If we are going," said this truly patriotic American, "to lessen the historic past and present, and take our manifest destiny into account, why restrict ourselves within the narrow limits assigned by our fellow countryman, who has just sat down? I give you the United States! bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the south by the procession of the equinoxes, on the east by the primeval chaos, and on the west by the Day of Judgment!"

"Bounding the United States."

JOHN FISKE.

4. Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: Believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. (*All: None, Brutus, none!*) Then none have I offended. I have done no more to

Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death. (*Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.*) Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, tho he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth—as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

"Julius Cæsar." Act III. Sc. 2.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

TENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Ten of the first term, page 44.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

frā frā frā frā frē frē frē frē

fră fră fră fră frě frě frě frě

frī frī frī frī frō frō frō frō

frĩ frĩ frĩ frĩ frö frö frö frö

frū frū frū frū fröo fröo fröo fröo

frũ frũ frũ frũ fröö fröö fröö fröö

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of i, as in idea and machine (see page 217).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

PICTURING

Read a passage silently, then close your eyes and endeavor to see a mental picture of what you have just read. If it seems obscure, read the extract again, and again close your eyes and repeat the exercise of picturing the thoughts as vividly as you can. Dwell upon the details of your mental picture, and persevere until you can describe from

your "mind's eye" what you have read from the printed page. When at last you read the passage aloud, try to see a clear-cut mental picture of what you are reading. This practise will not only develop your imagination, but will help you to rid yourself of self-consciousness and unnaturalness.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven in the first, and six in the second—with musket to the shoulder and eye upon sights, waited calm, silent and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them. They listened to the rising of this tide of men. They heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabers, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence; then, suddenly, above the crest, casques, trumpets and standards, and three thousand faces with gray mustaches, crying "Vive l'Empereur!" All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake.

"Napoleon's Overthrow."

VICTOR HUGO.

2. I have seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again; it sprang forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air. I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon. There was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked: The sun broke forth again in the east, and gilded the mountain-tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away. I have seen the insect being, come to its full size, languish, and refuse to eat; it spun itself a tomb and was shrouded in the silken

cone; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again: It had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiceth in its new being. Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth; but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die any more.

"Immortality."

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

3. On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a night may we never again see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds and smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts. The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Altho faint and weary I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed, I can not tell you how. Smoldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burned cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really can not tell, for about some of it I remember nothing.

"A Forest on Fire."

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

4. It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he

turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that could possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and handkerchief with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

"The Pickwickians on Ice."

CHARLES DICKENS.

5. On one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and as I passed its threshold it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages. I entered from the inner court of Westminster School through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a specter from one of the neighboring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contemplation. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damps and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay. The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters;

beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the center, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

"Westminster Abbey."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

ELEVENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Eleven of the first term, page 49.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

krā krā krā krā krē krē krē krē

kră kră kră kră krě krě krě krě

krī krī krī krī krō krō krō krō

krĩ krĩ krĩ krĩ krǒ krǒ krǒ krǒ

krū krū krū krū krōō krōō krōō krōō

krũ krũ krũ krũ kröö kröö kröö kröö

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of i, as in pin and bird (see page 218).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

PERSUASION

In your effort to impress others by your reading or speaking—whether to convince or to persuade them—always bear in mind that clear and robust tones depend upon breathing gently and deeply. Too much effort, especially apparent effort, may easily defeat the very purpose of your speaking. There are times, of course, when the voice should be sent forth in the most energetic manner, but it is well to bear in mind that persuasive speaking depends upon

intensity rather than upon loudness, and that the greatest effect is produced upon the hearer when the effort of the speaker is most concealed. A good exercise for developing quiet intensity is to read a passage, articulate the words with the lips, and accompany the reading with suitable facial expression and gesture, but making no sound whatever. There is no better practise than this for developing the muscles of the throat and abdomen. The aim should be to make the feeling paramount. Proceed now to apply this suggestion to the first extract below.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Hol every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

"Isaiah 55: 1-2."

THE BIBLE.

2. There is a multitude of unobserved influences which the Sabbath exerts upon the temporal welfare of men. It promotes the spirit of good order and harmony; it elevates the poor from want; it transforms squalid wretchedness; it imparts self-respect and elevation of character; it promotes softness and civility of manners; it brings together the rich and poor upon one common level in the house of prayer; it purifies and strengthens the social affections, and makes the family circle the center of allurements and the source of instruction, comfort, and happiness. Like its own divine religion, "it has the promise of the life that now is and that which is to come," for men can not put themselves beyond the reach of hope and heaven so long as they treasure up this one command, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

"Observance of the Sabbath."

GARDINER SPRING,

3. This eternal court is always open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty, of every place and time. Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault. It is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we can not stoop to you."

"The Society of Good Books."

JOHN RUSKIN.

4. Go forth to your labor, and what thing can you see that hath not its message? The ground is full of sympathy. The flowers have been printed with teachings. The trees, that only seem to shake their leaves in sport, are framing divine sentences. The birds tell of heaven with their love-warblings in the green twilight. The sparrow is preacher of truth. The hen that clucks and broods her chickens, unconscious that to the end of the world she is part and parcel of a revelation of God to man; the sheep that bleat from the pastures, the hungry wolves that blink in the forest, the serpent that glides noiselessly in the grass, the raven that flies heavily across the field, the lily over which his shadow passes, the plow, the sickle, the vane, the barn, the flail, the threshing-floor, all of them are consecrated priests, unrobed teachers, revelators that see no vision themselves, but that bring to us thoughts of truth, contentment, hope and love. All are ministers of God. The whole earth doth praise Him, and show forth His glory!

"Illustrations of Divine Truth."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

5. What can I do, in however small way, to serve my country? I will tell you what I consider the duty of every citizen. It is that you should keep a close and vigilant eye on public and municipal affairs; that you should form intelligent opinions

upon them; that you should give help to the men who seem to you worthy of help, and oppose the men whom you think worthy of opposition. Keep this motive of public duty and public service before you, for the sake of your country, and also on your own account. You will find it the most ennobling human motive that can guide your actions. And while you will help the country by observing it, you will also help yourselves. Life consists of only two certain parts, the beginning and the end—the birth and the grave. Between those two points lies the whole arena of human choice and human opportunity. You may embellish and consecrate it if you will, or you may let it lie stagnant and dead. But if you choose the better part, I believe that nothing will give your life so high a complexion as to study to do something for your country.

"The Duty of Public Service."

LORD ROSEBERRY.

TWELFTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Twelve of the first term, page 53.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

smā	smā	smā	smā	smē	smē	smē	smē
smǎ	smǎ	smǎ	smǎ	smě	smě	smě	smě
smī	smī	smī	smī	smō	smō	smō	smō
smĩ	smĩ	smĩ	smĩ	smǒ	smǒ	smǒ	smǒ
smū	smū	smū	smū	smōō	smōō	smōō	smōō
smũ	smũ	smũ	smũ	smöō	smöō	smöō	smöō

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of o, as in hole and obey (see page 219).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

POWER

The secret of effective reading and speaking is practise, practise, practise. Having secured the mastery of the tools of speech—the vowels, consonants, syllables, and symbols—you must learn to interpret not only the meaning, but the power behind an author's words. A passage often contains hidden meaning, force, and personality, which it is your task to interpret in your reading. It will be well

for you to be on your guard against servile imitation of the way some other person renders a given passage. You may keep on the right road without following exactly in another's footsteps. Important as the reading of these various extracts is, your best studies will be in your observation of men, children, and nature. Power and persuasion go hand in hand, but neither necessarily means loudness or violence. Power, when deep and unconscious, is usually quiet like the great ocean, yet holding in reserve all the possibilities of a mighty storm if occasion arise. When you read the following passages realize the immense stores of power within you, and try to read with the unmistakable note of authority in your voice.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated, kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado, and God is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and never gave, and never will give, a final triumph over a virtuous and gallant people, resolved to be free.

"First Battles of the Revolution."

EDWARD EVERETT.

2. It has been the lot of all men, in all ages, who have aspired at the honor of guiding, instructing or mending mankind, to have their paths beset by every persecution from adversaries, by every misconstruction from friends; no quarter from the one, no charitable construction from the other. To be misconstrued, misrepresented, borne down, till it was in vain to bear down any longer, has been their fate. But truth will survive, and calumny has its day. I say that, if this be the fate of the reformer—if he be the object of misrepresentation—may not an inference be drawn favorable to myself? Taunted by the enemies of reform as being too rash, by the over-zealous friends of reform as being too slow or too cold, there is every reason for presuming that I have chosen the right course. A reformer must proceed steadily in his career; not misled, on the one hand, by panegyric, nor discouraged by slander, on the other. He wants no praise. I would rather say, "Wo to him when all men speak well of him!" I shall go on in the course which I have laid down for myself, pursuing the footsteps of those who have gone before us, who have left us their instructions and success—their instructions to guide our walk, and their success to cheer our spirits.

"The Fate of the Reformer."

LORD BROUGHAM.

3. Among her noblest sons his native city will ever cherish him, and gratefully recall the unbending Puritan soul that dwelt in a form so gracious and urbane. The plain house in which he lived, severely plain because the welfare of the suffering and the slave were preferred to book and picture and every fair device of art; the house to which the north star led the trembling fugitive; the radiant figure passing swiftly to and fro along these streets; the ceaseless charity untold, the strong sustaining heart of private friendship; the sacred domestic affection that must not here be named; the eloquence, which like the song of Orpheus, will fade from living memory as a doubtful tale; the great scene of his life in Faneuil Hall; the mighty struggle and the mighty triumph with which his name is forever blended; the consecration of a life hid with God in

sympathy with man—these, all these, will live among your immortal traditions. And not among yours alone. As the years go by, and only the large outlines of lofty American characters and careers remain, the wide Republic will confess the benediction of a life like this, and gladly own that if, with perfect faith and hope assured, America would still stand and bid distant generations “Hail!” the inspiration of her national life must be the sublime, moral courage, the spotless purity, the unswerving integrity, the all embracing humanity, the absolutely unselfish devotion of great powers to great public ends, which were the glory of Wendell Phillips.

“Eulogy on Wendell Phillips.” GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

4. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such

miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first and Union afterward," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart: Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

From *"The Reply to Hayne."*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

5. Young men, you have been exhorted to aspire. Self-reliance has been commended to you as a grand element of character. We would echo these counsels. They are counsels of wisdom. But to be safe and to be perfect, you must connect with them the spirit of prayer. Emulation, unchastened by any higher principle, is to our perverted nature very often a danger and an evil. The love of distinction, not of truth and right, becomes the master-passion of the soul, and instead of high-reaching labor after good, there comes vanity with its parodies of excellence, or mad ambition, shrinking from no enormity in its cupidity or lust of power. Self-reliance, in a heart unsanctified, often gives place to self-confidence, its base-born brother. Under its unfriendly rule there rise up in the soul overweening estimate of self-inveteracy of evil habit, impatience of restraint or control, the disposition to lord it over others, and that dogged and repulsive obstinacy, which, like the dead fly in the ointment, throws an ill savor over the entire character of the man. These are its smaller manifestations, but, in congenial soil, and with commensurate opportunities, it blossoms out into some of the worst forms of humanity—the ruffian, who is the terror of his neighborhood; the tyrant, who has an appetite for blood; the atheist, who denies his God. Now, the habit of prayer will afford to these principles the salutary check which they need. It will sanctify emulation, and make it a virtue to aspire. It will curb the excesses of ambition, and keep down the vauntings of unholy pride. The man will aim at the highest, but in the spirit of the lowest, and prompted by the thought of immortality—not the loose immortality of the poet's dream, but the substantial immortality of the Christian's hope—he will travel on to

his reward. In like manner will the habit of prayer chasten and consecrate the principle of self-reliance. It will preserve intact all its enterprise and bravery. It will abate not a jot of its original strength and freedom, but, when it would wanton out into insolence and pride, it will restrain it by the consciousness of a higher power; it will shed over the man the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and it will show, existing in the same nature and in competent harmony, indomitable courage in the arena of the world, and loyal submission to the authority of heaven.

"Self-Reliance and Prayer."

W. MORLEY PUNSHON.

THIRTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Thirteen of the first term, page 57.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

stā	stā	stā	stā	stē	stē	stē	stē
stǎ	stǎ	stǎ	stǎ	stě	stě	stě	stě
stī	stī	stī	stī	stō	stō	stō	stō
stū	stū	stū	stū	stǒ	stǒ	stǒ	stǒ
stī	stī	stī	stī	stōō	stōō	stōō	stōō
stū	stū	stū	stū	stōō	stōō	stōō	stōō

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of o, as in accord and not (see page 220).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

INTEREST

If you show that you yourself are interested in what you are reading aloud, you will the more easily arouse the interest of your hearers. Cultivate your ability to concentrate on the particular passage you are interpreting, and persistently exclude from your mind all other thoughts. It is one of the pleasures of the listener quietly to watch the operation of the reader's mind, and he is quick to detect even the slightest tendency of the reader to wander away

from his subject. This power of concentration can be rapidly developed by patient and regular practise in keeping the mind fixt upon the subject you are reading, and leading it gently back to that subject again and again as often as it strays away. The habit of fixing the mind on one theme at a time, and the ability to keep it there at will, constitute one of the most valuable faculties in any walk in life. The reading lesson offers you an exceptional opportunity to develop concentration in a very high degree.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Tell me, thou Star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary Wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

"A Fragment."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

2. My voice is still for war!
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate,
Which of the two to choose—slavery or death?
No! let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe; break through the thick array
Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help;
Rise, and avenge her slaughtered citizens,
Or share their fate! The slain of half her senate
Enrich the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, "To battle!"

"Cato."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

3. "Bring forth," cries the monarch, "the vessels of gold
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;
Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone;
Bring forth!" and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals ring,
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

Now what cometh—look, look! without menace or call?
Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall?
What pierceth the king like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark! The Persian is come on a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

"Belshazzar."

B. W. PROCTER.

4. Three fishers went sailing out into the west—
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Tho the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Tho storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town:
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

"The Fishers."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

FOURTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Fourteen of the first term, page 61.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

bā	dā	pā	tā	pā
bǎ	dǎ	pǎ	tǎ	pǎ
bē	dē	pē	tē	pē
bě	dě	pě	tě	pě
bī	dī	pī	tī	pī
bǐ	dǐ	pǐ	tǐ	pǐ
bō	dō	pō	tō	pō
bǒ	dǒ	pǒ	tǒ	pǒ
bū	dū	pū	tū	pū
bǔ	dǔ	pǔ	tǔ	pǔ
bōō	dōō	pōō	tōō	pōō
bōǒ	dōǒ	pōǒ	tōǒ	pōǒ

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of o, as in canoe and woman (see page 221).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

CLIMAX

Many thoughts in a passage are progressive in character, leading from the weaker to the stronger, and consequently such thoughts are to be read with a corresponding increase of feeling and intensity. Reading can be animated, earnest, and expressive without being artificial or theatrical. In rendering the following extracts with climactic effect, your reading should be like that of a person in conversation with gradually increasing earnestness, but do not forget that if this be overdone the charm of expression will be destroyed. It will help you also to think of your reading as merely speaking what you see in the book, and that you are expressing the thoughts just as you would in your regular conversation. Again you are reminded that you should read as you talk, provided always that you talk correctly. Become absorbed in what you are reading aloud, and you will have little difficulty in communicating that same feeling to your hearers.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

From "*Coriolanus*." Act III, Sc. 3. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

2. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free! Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome home again.
O sacred forms, how fair, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are! how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again! I call to you
With all my voice! I hold my hands to you,
To show they still are free! I rush to you
As tho I could embrace you!

J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"William Tell's Address to His Native Hills."

3. The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake;
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

"The Rising in 1776."

T. BUCHANAN READ.

4. Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down went the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent;
And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host—
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

"The Charge at Waterloo."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

5. My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

"My Country! 'Tis of Thee."

S. S. SMITH.

FIFTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Fifteen of the first term, page 67.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

wă	vă	fă	vă	wă
wă	vă	fă	vă	wă
wē	vē	fē	vē	wē
wē	vē	fē	vē	wē
wī	vī	fī	vī	wī
wī	vī	fī	vī	wī
wō	vō	fō	vō	wō
wō	vō	fō	vō	wō
wū	vū	fū	vū	wū
wū	vū	fū	vū	wū
wōō	vōō	fōō	vōō	wōō
wōō	vōō	fōō	vōō	wōō

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of o, as in cover and atom (see page 221).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

CONTINUITY

As an extract is composed of several details, these must each be considered in their relation to the whole passage so as to preserve its unity. In analyzing an extract, therefore, you will at first examine it thought by thought, in order to understand its meaning in detail; but having done this, you should then study the passage in its entirety. You must see what general effect is to be produced, just where you are to pause, and where the thoughts are to be held well together. All the modulations of pitch, force, time, and inflection, as well as all the resources of feeling, may be necessary to the impressive reading of a single extract. Anything in your expression that does not contribute to this effect of oneness is weakness or superfluity, and should therefore be omitted. Unity in reading is like a master musician who is absorbed not in single notes, but in his composition as a whole.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

2. The western tide crept up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 And as far as eye could see.
 The rolling mist came down and hid the land—
 And never home came she.

"The Sands o' Dee."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

3. All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in th' ethereal frame;
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart.

"Essay on Man."

ALEXANDER POPE.

4. Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopt at once amid their maddest plunge!
 Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God! the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
 God! sing ye the meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
 And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

"Hymn to Mont Blanc."

SAMUEL COLERIDGE.

5. On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew:
Three hundred cannon mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier;
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame
Peal'd wildly forth the imperial name.

"The Charge at Waterloo."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

6. Be brief, be pointed; let your matter stand
Lucid, in order, solid, and at hand:
Spend not your words on trifles, but condense;
Strike with mass of thoughts, not drops of sense;
Press to the close with vigor, once begun,
And leave (how hard the task!) leave off when done.
Who draws a labored length of reasoning out,
Puts straw in lines for winds to whirl about;
Who draws a tedious tale of learning o'er,
Counts but the sands on ocean's boundless shore.
Victory, if gained, is gained by battles fought;
Not by the numbers, but the forces brought.
What boots success in skirmish or in fray,
If rout or ruin, following, close the day?
What worth a hundred posts, maintained with skill,
If, these all held, the foe is victor still?
He who would win his cause, with power must frame
Points of support, and look with steady aim;
Attack the weak, defend the strong with art,
Strike but few blows, but strike them to the heart:

All scattered fires but end in smoke and noise—
The scorn of men, the idle play of boys.
Keep, then, this first great precept ever near:
Short be your speech, your matter strong and clear;
Earnest your manner, warm and rich your style,
Severe in taste, yet full of grace the while;
So may you reach the loftiest heights of fame,
And leave, when life is past, a deathless name.
"Advice to Speakers." JUDGE STORY.

SIXTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Sixteen of the first term, page 72.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

drā	blā	plā	dwā	grā	krā
drǎ	blǎ	plǎ	dwǎ	grǎ	krǎ
drē	blē	plē	dwē	grē	krē
drě	blě	plě	dwě	grě	krě
drī	blī	plī	dwī	grī	krī
drĭ	blĭ	plĭ	dwĭ	grĭ	krĭ
drō	blō	plō	dwō	grō	krō
drǒ	blǒ	plǒ	dwǒ	grǒ	krǒ
drū	blū	plū	dwū	grū	krū
drŭ	blŭ	plŭ	dwŭ	grŭ	krŭ
drōō	blōō	plōō	dwōō	grōō	krōō
drōö	blöö	plöö	dwöö	gröö	kröö

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of u, as in *unit* and *unite* (see page 222).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

APPRECIATION

Preliminary silent reading of a passage, meditating upon its thought and feeling, and earnestly endeavoring to absorb its inner spirit, are important means of developing literary appreciation. Sympathy is essential to a thorough understanding and interpretation of the passages prescribed in this lesson. When sympathy has been highly cultivated, the speaker easily wins the attention of others because of his manifest gentleness, sincerity, and large-heartedness. When you read one of these extracts, try to put yourself in the author's place, and to the best of your ability express the various thoughts as you think he would express them. Awaken your powers of feeling, dwell intently upon each thought; "brood" over the passage, and when you stand to read aloud believe yourself capable of interpreting the passage in such a way as to move and impress others.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
"Endymion." JOHN KEATS.
2. Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee!
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!
"Sacred Songs." THOMAS MOORE.

3. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.

"Manfred."

LORD BYRON.

4. Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words.
Yet one word tells you all I would say:
She is my mother: You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

"An Order for a Picture."

ALICE CARY.

5. The foxglove, with its stately bells
Of purple, shall adorn thy dells;
The wallflower, on each rifted rock,
From liberal blossoms shall breathe down,
(Gold blossoms freckled with iron-brown),
Its fragrance; while the hollyhock,
The pink, and the carnation vie
With lupin and with lavender,
To decorate the fading year;
And larkspurs, many-hued, shall drive
Gloom from the groves, where red leaves lie,
And Nature seems but half alive.

"The Birth of the Flowers."

D. M. MOIR.

3. Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What tho the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Tho nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be; ·
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

"Intimations of Immortality."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SEVENTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Seventeen of the first term, page 76.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

frā	smā	stā	glā	shā
fră	smă	stă	glă	shă
frē	smē	stē	glē	shē
frĕ	smĕ	stĕ	glĕ	shĕ
frī	smī	stī	glī	shī
frĭ	smĭ	stĭ	glĭ	shĭ
frō	smō	stō	glō	shō
frŏ	smŏ	stŏ	glŏ	shŏ
frū	smū	stū	glū	shū
frŭ	smŭ	stŭ	glŭ	shŭ
frōō	smōō	stōō	glōō	shōō
frŏō	smŏō	stŏō	glŏō	shŏō

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of u, as in rule and full (see page 223).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

FEELING

When you stand to read, if your mind is occupied with the thought of the impression you are making upon others, or how they are probably criticizing you, or how you are managing your voice, you will not succeed in making a favorable impression. Real feeling arises from earnestness and intensity. It communicates itself to the voice, and the utterance is at once enhanced by its beauty and impressiveness. Proper feeling will impart warmth and freshness to expression. The common tendency to declaim must not be confounded with genuine feeling. To develop the well-springs of emotion you should carefully read and study the extracts given in this lesson. These may be supplemented by passages from the Bible, particularly the Psalms, and by the plays of Shakespeare. The power of passion is demonstrated in the eloquence of even a look or a gesture. The possibilities of the human voice under the stress of great feeling, are amazing. You can have no worthier ambition than to develop this power to the highest efficiency.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone!
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity!

"Lalla Rookh." Fire Worshipers.

THOMAS MOORE.

2. O Solitude! if I must with thee dwell,
Let it not be among the jumbled heap
Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep—
Nature's observatory—whence the dell,
In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
'Mongst boughs pavilion'd, where the deer's swift leap
Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
But tho I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
Almost the highest bliss of human-kind,
When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

"Nature."

JOHN KEATS.

3. And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway:
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tript lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

"Intimations of Immortality."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

4. 'T was morning, and the old man lay alone;
 No friend had closed his eyelids; and his lips,
 Open and ashly pale, the expression wore
 Of his death-struggle. His long, silvery hair
 Lay on his hollow temples thin and wild,
 His frame was wasted, and his features wan
 And haggard as with want, and in his palm
 His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
 Of the last agony had wrung him sore.
 And thus had passed from its unequal frame
 A soul of fire, a sun-bent eagle stricken
 From his high soaring down, an instrument
 Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
 Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
 Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
 His strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked!
 A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
 Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

"The Dying Alchemist."

N. P. WILLIS.

5. *Romeo*: He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
 (Juliet appears above at a window.)
 But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.
 It is my lady; oh, it is my love!
 Oh that she knew she were!
 She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.
 I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would throw the airy region stream so bright
The birds would sing and think it were not night.
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly; in the face another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry
The more she gives them speech.

"Romeo and Juliet."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EIGHTEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Eighteen of the first term, page 79.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

ing	ant	ful	ure	cal	ick	ver
ant	ful	ure	cal	ick	ver	ing
ful	ure	cul	ick	ver	ing	ant
ure	cal	ick	ver	ing	ant	ful
cal	ick	ver	ing	ant	ful	ure
ick	ver	ing	ant	ful	ure	cal
ver	ing	ant	ful	ure	cal	ick

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of u, as in urn and but (see page 224).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

TONE COLOR

By tone color is meant the quality imparted to the voice by the feeling of the speaker. Just as the painter has many colors on his palette ready for instant use, so the reader or speaker must have all his emotions developed for his various requirements. The human voice is capable of

most wonderful cultivation, and nothing is more valuable for this purpose than reading aloud passages charged with emotion. By a strange paradox the student must first develop his feelings in order to subdue them and bring them under intelligent control. Many effects must be practised beforehand, lest the student run to extravagance in the actual performance. The reader's feelings must be "proved," so to speak, before he dare venture to liberate his powers of expression. In reading the examples of this lesson, the student should at first observe the various effects upon the quality of his voice, and endeavor to improve this quality in so far as the particular thought and feeling seem to demand for their proper expression.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span.
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
"The Beggar." THOMAS MOSS.
2. Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower,
And fire the culverin!
Bid each retainer arm with speed,
Call every vassal in!
"The Baron's Last Banquet." A. G. GREENE.
3. There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be—
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,
Or in wide desert where no life is found,
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep profound.
"Sonnets." THOMAS HOOD.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

7. Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
 We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you, or anything.
 We die
 As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
 Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

"To Daffodils."

ROBERT HERRICK.

NINETEENTH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Nineteen of the first term, page 83.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

ld	lf	lk	lm	lp	ls	lt	lv
lf	lk	lm	lp	ls	lt	lv	ld
lk	lm	lp	ls	lt	lv	ld	lf
lm	lp	ls	lt	lv	ld	lf	lk
lp	ls	lt	lv	ld	lf	lk	lm
ls	lt	lv	ld	lf	lk	lm	lp
lt	lv	ld	lf	lk	lm	lp	ls
lv	ld	lf	lk	lm	lp	ls	lt

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of oo, as in *boot* and *book* (see page 225).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

TRANSITION

Changes in thought demand easy and appropriate changes in voice and feeling. Whether such changes be gradual or sudden depends upon the nature of the thought. Diligent practise in the use of pitch, force, movement, and feeling, is necessary to make the vocal organs responsive to the demands of varied expression. Read any one of the

following extracts and you will observe that changes in the thought require changes in intensity, movement, and pitch, and also that at each transition there is naturally a pause. The voice exercises prescribed in the various lessons of this course will do much to develop the power of quick and suitable transition, but in addition to this, there must be ample practise in the reading aloud of a wide range of prose and poetry. The student can not be too often reminded that loud speaking should rarely be indulged in, and that his energies should be devoted more particularly to cultivating variety and responsiveness in the organs of speech.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. We ring the bells and we raise the strain,
We hand up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

"Christmas."

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

2. How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept.

"Task."

WILLIAM COWPER.

3. At first a universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder—then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows.

"The Shipwreck."

LORD BYRON.

4. With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

"Marmion."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

5. How often, oh, how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

"The Bridge."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

6. Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains;
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye—ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features passed!
There is that come over your brow and eye,
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die.
Ye smile! but your smile hath a dimness yet;
Oh! what have ye looked on since last we met!

From *"The Voice of Spring."*

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

7. True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense. . . .
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labors, and the words move slow;
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

"Essay on Criticism."

ALEXANDER POPE.

TWENTIETH LESSON

PART 1. DRILL

1. **Physical Culture, Deep Breathing, and Voice Exercise.** Review the exercises of Lesson Twenty of the first term, page 88.

2. **Articulation.** Repeat distinctly and rapidly:

bld	dld	glz	lft	mps	pnd	tld
dld	glz	lft	mps	pnd	tld	bld
glz	lft	mps	pnd	tld	bld	dld
lft	mps	pnd	tld	bld	dld	glz
mps	pnd	tld	bld	dld	glz	lft
pnd	tld	bld	dld	glz	lft	mps
tld	bld	dld	glz	lft	mps	pnd

3. **Pronunciation.** Drill in words for the sounds of oi and ou, as in *oil* and *out* (see page 225).

PART 2. EXPRESSION

CHARACTER

The primary object of this course of lessons is to train the student in the art of expression. It has been the aim to give hints and suggestions rather than to lay down arbitrary rules, and if the student has faithfully applied them, his general style in reading and speaking must now be greatly improved. A further object of this instruction

has been to develop the personal character of the student, to stimulate his taste for the best in English literature, and to give him practical help in the development of sincerity, simplicity, frankness, and self-reliance. The diligent pupil will frequently review all the lessons of this course, as a means to further developing the best that is in him. The extracts hereunder should be read aloud, the student endeavoring to impress the strength and sentiment of each through the force of his own sincerity and character.

EXAMPLES FOR PRACTISE

1. Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
"Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." THOMAS GRAY.
2. Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the breeze;
But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
The very wind that wafts us toward the port
May dash us on the shelves. The steersman's part is
vigilance,
Blow it, or rough, or smooth.
"Fortunes of Nigel." SIR WALTER SCOTT.
3. If I could think how these my thoughts to leave,
Or, thinking still, my thoughts might have good end;
If rebel sense would reason's law receive;
Or reason foil'd would not in vain contend;
Then might I think what thoughts were best to think,
Then might I wisely swim, or gladly sink.
"Sonnet." SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

4. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the utmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Look in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.

"Julius Caesar."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

5. Press on! surmount the rocky steeps,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night
Hew down a passage unto day.

"Press On."

PARK BENJAMIN.

6. "What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely—die alone—
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
The saber from its toil may sleep?
No—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice.
No—tho of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts! this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains."

"The Gheber to His Followers."

THOMAS MOORE.

7. At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Tho round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

"The Deserted Village."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

8. "Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High tho his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown;
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!"

"Lay of the Last Minstrel."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

PART III
ARTICULATION AND PRO-
NUNCIATION

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

ARTICULATION AND PRO- NUNCIATION

CLASSIFICATION OF SOUNDS

<i>Vocals</i>		
Standard Dictionary Symbols	(Key words	Ordinary Schoolbook Symbols
A		
(Nine sounds)		
æ	ate, date, fate, mate	ā
ē	message, preface, senate	a
ā	care, fair, rare, share	ā
a	am, hat, bag, lag	ā
ā	arm, calm, harp, palm	ā
u	ask, class, dance, pass	ā
ō	all, ball, call, awful	ā
o	warrant, was, wash, wasp	ā
α	final, guidance, infant, sofa	ā
E		
(Seven sounds)		
i	eve, even, believe, teem	ē
e	event, behave, depend	e
é	eight, obey, they, vein	ē
e	end, get, met, tend	ē
ā	there, heir, ere, where	ē
ē	her, clerk, fern, learn	ē
ē	ever, giver, hover, rover	ē

Standard
Dictionary
SymbolsOrdinary
Schoolbook
Symbols

I

(Five sounds)

ai	glide, height, ice, ride	i
f	machine, magazine, police	i
i	pin, lid, pit, tin	ĩ
e	bird, circle, dirt, third	ĩ

O

(Eight sounds)

o	hole, old, roll, sold	o
o	obey, domain, factory, history	o
ē	accord, normal, lord, orb	o
e	not, odd, rod, sod	o
ū	canoe, lose, move, prove	o
u	bosom, could, wolf, woman	o
u	cover, glove, other, son	o
u	almond, buxom, dictator, salmon	o

U

(Six sounds)

iū yū	cube, humid, unit, use	ū yū
iu yu	lucidity, unite, emulate	ū yū
ū	fruit, intrude, rule, rumor	ū
u	full, pull, push, put	ū
ū	urn, fur, turn, urge	ū
u	but, cup, mud, up	ū

OO

ū	boot, loot, moon, roof	ōō
u	book, foot, look, took	ōō

DIPHTHONGS

ei	oil, avoid, boy, toil	oi
au	out, foul, owl, thou	ou, ow

*Sub-Vocals. (Key Words.)***LABIALS.** (L. *labium*, lip) :

- b* bell, bend, bib, bulb.
w web, well, wet, win.

DENTALS. (L. *dens*, tooth) :

- d* day, deed, did, die.
z buzz, fuzz, is, seize.
j (dzh) jet, job, join, joy.
zh azure, leisure, measure.
th (th) smooth, the, this.

LABIO-DENTALS:

- v* value, vein, vim, vivid.

GUTTURALS.(L. *guttur*, throat) :

- g* (hard) egg, get, give, go.
ng bring, thing, ring, sing.
y yarn, yet, young, your.

LIQUIDS. (L. *liquidus*, fluid) :

- l* land, lip, loll, lull.
r rear, roar, rob, run.

NASALS:

- m* maid, maim, make, map.
n never, none, noon, not.

Aspirates. (Key Words.)

- p* plump, pomp, primp, prop.

- t* tent, tight, trot, tyrant.

- s* cease, hiss, sense, sons.

- ch* (tsh) charm, chin, church.

- sh* shine, ship, shop, slash.

- th* bath, thin, thinketh, truth.

- f* fife, fifth, for, if.

- k* cave, crank, kick, link.

- h* hail, haul, hill, hull.

PRACTISE IN CONSONANT COMBINATIONS

First pronounce separately and vigorously the sounds represented by the letters in italics. Then pronounce the words which follow,* bringing out the combination as clearly as possible.

<i>Bl</i>	Able, blow, bubble, noble	Why should gold man's feeble mind decoy?
<i>Bld</i>	Disabl'd, doubl'd, trembl'd	'Tis but the fabl'd landscape of a lay.
<i>Bls</i>	Bubbles, pebbles, nobles	The heart benevolent and kind the most resembles God.
<i>Blt</i>	Humbl'st, troubl'st	Hence! thou troubl'st me with vain re- quests.
<i>Br</i>	Brave, bright, breeze	Ocean's broad breast was covered with his fleet.
<i>Bs</i>	Robes, ribs, webs	They bowed like shrubs beneath the poison blast.
<i>Bst</i>	Rob'st, robb'st	With no gentle hand thou prob'st their wounds.
<i>Dld</i>	Bridl'd, paddl'd	Thy mind once kindl'd with each pass- ing thought.
<i>Dls</i>	Handles, bundles	Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
<i>Dlt</i>	Kindl'st, paddl'st	In thine upward flight thou dwindl'st to a speck.

* From "Voice and Action." By J. E. Frobisher.

<i>Dn</i>	Gold'n, lad'n lead'n	Angels drop on their gold'n harps a pitying tear.
<i>Dnd</i>	Sad'n'd, burd'n'd	Death never sad'n'd your scenes of bloom.
<i>Dnz</i>	Gard'ns, ward'ns	Our hearts are eased of burd'ns hard to bear.
<i>Dr</i>	Drop, dress drive	The dread beat of the drum broke the dreamer's sleep.
<i>Dst</i>	Didst, hadst, addst	Thou biddst the shades of darkness fly.
<i>Dth</i>	Width, breadth	The width of the stream again dis- mayed him.
<i>Dths</i>	Breadths, widths	It took four breadths of cloth to make the cloak.
<i>Ds</i>	Buds, weeds, odds	These shades are the abodes of undis- sembled gladness.
<i>Dzh</i>	Edge, lodge, image	Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness.
<i>Dzhd</i>	Imag'd, fledg'd	Their winglets are fledged in the sun's hot rays.
<i>Fld</i>	Riff'd, baff'd	The war drum is muffled, and black is the bier.
<i>Fldst</i>	Triff'dst, stiff'dst	Now tell me how thou baff'dst thine enemy.

<i>Fls</i>	Rifles, baffles, ruffles	Not to know some trifles is a praise.
<i>Flst</i>	Stiff'st, shuffl'st, baffl'st	Thou triff'st with what is not thine own.
<i>Fñ</i>	Stiff'n, oft'n, sof'n	Here shall the billows stiff'n and have rest.
<i>Fnd</i>	Sof'n'd, deaf'n'd	The woods are deaf'n'd with the roar.
<i>Fñz</i>	Sof'ns, stiff'ns	Truth sof'ns the heart with its simple tones.
<i>Fr</i>	Frame, friend, refresh	Labor is but refreshment from repose.
<i>Fs</i>	Whiffs, puffs, laughs	Mortals, on life's later stage, still grasp at wealth.
<i>Fst</i>	Puff'st, laugh'st	Thou scoff'st at Virtue's homely joys.
<i>Ft</i>	Oft, soft, waft	Oft from apparent ills our blessings rise.
<i>Fth</i>	Fifth, twelfth	For the fifth time I called in vain.
<i>Fts</i>	Lifts, rafts, wafts	Death lifts the veil that hides a brighter sphere.
<i>Ftst</i>	Waft'st, lift'st	O'er the desert drear thou waft'st thy waste perfume.
<i>Gdst</i>	Bragg'dst, dragg'dst	Thou begg'dst in vain the hermit's blessing then.

<i>Gl</i>	Gleam, glove, eagle	Through glades and glooms the ming- ling measures stole.
<i>Gld</i>	Struggl'd, haggl'd	He gazed enraptured on the spangled canopy.
<i>Gldst</i>	Singl'dst	How thou mingl'dst life and death.
<i>Glz</i>	Eagles, juggles	I have roamed where the hill foxes howl, and eagles cry.
<i>Glst</i>	Mingl'st, struggl'st	Thou struggl'st, as life upon the issue hung.
<i>Gr</i>	Grow, grip, grief	The groves of Eden yet look green in song.
<i>Gz</i>	Logs, figs, dregs	The fisherman drags to the shore his laden'd nets.
<i>Gst</i>	Begg'st digg'st	Thou begg'st in vain, no pity melts his heart.
<i>Kld</i>	Sparkl'd, circl'd	Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.
<i>Kls</i>	Sparkles, circles	Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow.
<i>Klst</i>	Sparkl'st, freckl'st	Thou sparkl'st like a gem of earth.
<i>Kn</i>	Tok'n, deac'n, falc'n	By the storms of circumstance un- shak'n
<i>Knd</i>	Wak'n'd, dark'n'd	With quickened step brown night re- tires.

<i>Kns</i>	Tok'ns, falc'ns, thick'ns	Mist darkens the mountain, night dark- ens the vale.
<i>Knst</i>	Beck'n'st, wak'n'st	Thou awak'n'st there a warmer sym- pathy.
<i>Kr</i>	Kraken, crime	There crystal streams with pleasing murmurs creep.
<i>Ks</i>	Oaks, sticks, rocks	Ye moldering relics of departed years.
<i>Kst</i>	Shak'st, wak'st, next	Man a holy text around she strews.
<i>Ksth</i>	Sixth,	Henry the Sixth bids thee despair.
<i>Kt</i>	Sect, wak'd, rock'd	He waked at the vessel's sudden roll.
<i>Kts</i>	Acts, sects, respects	It gilds all objects but it alters none.
<i>Ktst</i>	Act'st, lik'dst	Thou act'st the manly part.
<i>Lb</i>	Bulb, Elbe, Albert, filbert	The river Elbe glides gently.
<i>Lbs</i>	Bulbs	The bulbs have taken root.
<i>Lds</i>	Fields, folds,	It gilds the mountain's brow.
<i>Ldst</i>	Hold'st, shield'st	Thou yield'st to fate without a sigh.

<i>Lf</i>	Self, wolf, gulf	O, how self fettered is the grovelling soul.
<i>Lfs</i>	Sylphs, gulfs, elfs	It is the wolf's dreary cave.
<i>Lft</i>	Ingulf'd	The lake is ingulf'd amid the hills.
<i>Lfth</i>	Twelfth	Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."
<i>Ldzh</i>	Indulge, bilge	Indulge no useless wish.
<i>Lk</i>	Elk, milk, bulk, silk	List to the milkmaid's song.
<i>Lks</i>	Silks, elks, bulks	In silks and satins new we worship in these days.
<i>Lkst</i>	Milk'st	Thou milk'st the kine at early dawn.
<i>Lkt</i>	Milk'd	The goats were milked at eve.
<i>Lm</i>	Elm, film, realm	The heathen heel her helm has crusht.
<i>Lmd</i>	Film'd, whelm'd	He was overwhelmed with doubts.
<i>Lmz</i>	Films, realms	Films slow gathering dim the sight.
<i>Lmst</i>	Overwhelm'st	Thou overwhelm'st them with the whirl- wind.
<i>Ln</i>	Stol'n, swol'n	Even our fall'n fortunes lay in light.
<i>Ip</i>	Help, pulp	He shrieked for help in vain.

<i>Lps</i>	Pulps, whelps	The Alps have pinaced in clouds their snowy scalps.
<i>Lpst</i>	Scalp'st, help'st	Thou help'st me now in vain.
<i>Lpt</i>	Help'd, scalp'd	I was the first that help'd him.
<i>Ls</i>	False, dulse, else	Oft by false learning is good sense defaced.
<i>Lst</i>	Rul'st, fill'st, fall'st	Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs.
<i>Lt</i>	Bolt, guilt, wilt	Misery is wed to guilt.
<i>Lth</i>	Wealth, filth, stealth	Health consists with temperance alone.
<i>Lths</i>	Healths, tilths	In drinking healths, men but invite disease.
<i>Lts</i>	Bolts, melts, faults	The assaults of discontent and doubt repel.
<i>Ltst</i>	Halt'st, melt'st	Thou melt'st with pity at another's woes.
<i>Lv</i>	Twelve, valve, solve	O, fix thy firm resolve wisdom to wed.
<i>Lvd</i>	Involv'd, resolv'd	No fate with mine involv'd.

<i>Lvs</i>	Wolves, elves, valves	Man resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.
<i>Lvst</i>	Revolv'st. dissolv'st	Thou solv'st the problem at the ex- pense of life.
<i>Lz</i>	Toils, steals, calls	Peace rules the day, when reason rules the mind.
<i>Mdst</i>	Illum'dst, bloom'dst	Thou doom'dst thy victims to death.
<i>Mf</i>	Nymph, triumph	He has set the triumph-seal.
<i>Mfs</i>	Nymphs, triumphs	What are man's triumphs?
<i>Mft</i>	Triumph'd	Life's last rapture triumph'd o'er her woes.
<i>Mp</i>	Pomp, lamp	Through the swamp and meadow.
<i>Mps</i>	Lumps, lamps	How poor the pomps of earth.
<i>Mpst</i>	Thump'st, damp'st	Thou damp'st their zeal already.
<i>Mz</i>	Gems, plums, comes	Thou art freedom's now and fame's.
<i>Mst</i>	Doom'st, seem'st	How wretched thou seem'st.
<i>Mt</i>	Prompt, contempt	Be ever prompt to answer duty's call

<i>Mts</i>	Tempts, prompts	He tempts the perilous deep at dawn.
<i>Mtst</i>	Tempt'st, prompt'st	Thou prompt'st the warrior now.
<i>Nds</i>	Ends, blends, bonds	The rivulet sends forth glad sounds.
<i>Ndst</i>	Bend'st, send'st	Answer how thou found'st me?
<i>Ng</i>	Sing, long, ring	Ding-dong, ding-dong! go the bells.
<i>Ngd</i>	Wrong'd wing'd	The snowy-winged plover.
<i>Ngdst</i>	Twang'dst, wrong'dst	Thou wrongd'st thyself to write in such a case.
<i>Ngz</i>	Songs, fangs, rings	Peace scatters blessings from dewy wings.
<i>Ngst</i>	Ring'st, cling'st, sing'st	Thou cling'st in vain.
<i>Ngth</i>	Strength, length	He was the proudest in his strength.
<i>Ngths</i>	Lengths	Short views we take nor see the lengths behind.
<i>Ngk</i>	Drink, rank	His drink, the crystal well.
<i>Ngks</i>	Pranks, lynx	In each low wind methinks a spirit calls.

<i>Ngkst</i> Thank'st, think'st	O, deeper than thou think'st I have read thy heart.
<i>Ngkt</i> Rank'd, thank'd	He thanked me for my trouble.
<i>Ndsh</i> Hinge, range, fringe	Possessions vanish and opinions change.
<i>Ndshd</i> Reveng'd, chang'd	The pine is fring'd with a softer green.
<i>Ns</i> Tense, sense, dance	In search of wit some lose all common sense.
<i>Nst</i> Canst, against	Give what thou can'st.
<i>Ntsh</i> Bench, launch	Now launch the boat.
<i>Nt</i> Lent, rant, went	He went to see money made, not spent.
<i>Nth</i> Tenth, hyacinth	Few speak, wild, stormy month, in praise of thee.
<i>Nths.</i> Tenths, hyacinths	See the hyacinths in bloom.
<i>Nts</i> Wants, tents, events	Coming events cast their shadows be- fore.
<i>Ntst</i> Haunt'st, want'st	Why haunt'st thou the land.

<i>Ns</i>	Lens, means, vanes	Slow and steady wins the race.
<i>Pld</i>	Dimpl'd, trampl'd	Morn is gleaming in the dappl'd east.
<i>Pldst</i>	Trampld'st, peopld'st	Thou trampld'st them down.
<i>Pls</i>	Temples, ripples	Age has on their temples shed her silver frost.
<i>Plst</i>	Trampl'st, ripp'l'st	Thou trampl'st in scorn on the flower.
<i>Pn</i>	Deep'n, op'n	His ears are open to the softest cry.
<i>Pnd</i>	Op'n'd, sharp'n'd	There stands the rip'n'd grain.
<i>Pns</i>	Sharp'ns, op'ns	The ceaseless flow of feeling. deep'ns still.
<i>Pr</i>	Pride, praise, print	Prompt to relieve, the prisoner sings his praise.
<i>Ps</i>	Lips, traps hops	Thought stops and fancy droops.
<i>Pst</i>	Droop'st hop'st	Thou wrapp'st the world in clouds.
<i>Pt</i>	Wept, slept, tripp'd	The clouds be few that intercept the light.
<i>Pts</i>	Precepts, intercepts	Just precepts are from great examples given.

<i>Ptst</i>	Accept'st, intercept'st	Accept'st thou in kindness the favor?
<i>Pth</i>	Depth	Launch not beyond thy depth.
<i>Pths</i>	Depths	From the depths of air comes a still voice.
<i>Rbd</i>	Disturb'd, garb'd	No drums disturb'd his morning sleep.
<i>Rbz</i>	Orbs, garbs, barbs	Not a breath disturbs the deep serene.
<i>Rbst</i>	Curb'st, absorb'st	Thou barb'st the dart that rankles sore.
<i>Rd</i>	Bird, cord, herd	Embroidered sandals glittered as he trod.
<i>Rdz</i>	Birds, words, cords	Silver cords to earth have bound me.
<i>Rdst</i>	Regard'st, reward'st	Thou reward'st the evil and the good.
<i>Rf</i>	Turf, serf, dwarf	Every turf beneath their feet.
<i>Rfs</i>	Serfs, dwarfs	When dwarfs and pigmies shall to giants rise.
<i>Rg</i>	Iceberg,	The iceberg has sealed their fate.
<i>Rgz</i>	Icebergs	In polar seas where icebergs have their home.
<i>Rdzh</i>	Large, urge	Toward the verge sweeps the wide tor- rent.

<i>Rk</i>	Dark, lark, work	Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.
<i>Rks</i>	Marks, barks, larks	He marks their tracks in the snow.
<i>Rkst</i>	Work'st, mark'st	Mark'st thou, my son, yon forester?
<i>Rkt</i>	Lurk'd, work'd	For this he work'd, for this forsook his bed.
<i>Rl</i>	Curl, snarl, pearl	There the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow.
<i>Rld</i>	World, curl'd, furl'd	Round his head the war-cloud curled.
<i>Rlds</i>	Worlds	What are the worlds of wealth?
<i>Rls</i>	Pearls, curls, snarls	They are glittering pearls.
<i>Rlst</i>	Curl'st, furl'st	Again thou unfurl'st thy wings.
<i>Rm</i>	Arm, warm, harm	Arm, arm! and haste to battle.
<i>Rmd</i>	Arm'd, harm'd	Armed, armed say you?
<i>Rms</i>	Arms, forms, storms	The surly storms are softened.
<i>Rmst</i>	Charm'st, alarm'st	Thou charm'st the ear of man.

<i>Rmth</i> Warmth	With honest warmth he met me.
<i>Rn</i> Morn, scorn, urn	Live, stung by the scorn of thine own bosom.
<i>Rnd</i> Burn'd, scorn'd	Warned by the signs, they fly in haste.
<i>Rndst</i> Return'dst, warn'dst	It is well thou learn'dst that lesson young.
<i>Rns</i> Morns, urns	On the golden wave the sunset burns afar.
<i>Rp</i> Harp, warp, sharp	Time is the warp of life.
<i>Rps</i> Harps, warps, sharps	They sing to their golden harps.
<i>Rpt</i> Warp'd, usurp'd	Trade hath usurped the land.
<i>Rs</i> Purse, scarce, curse	Fierce to the breach they sprang.
<i>Rsh</i> Harsh, marsh	O'er marsh and moor.
<i>Rst</i> First, worst	There came a burst of thunder.
<i>Rsts</i> Bursts	A flood of glory bursts from all the skies.
<i>Rt</i> Art, port, dirt, cart	How vast is art, how narrow human wit.
<i>Rts</i> Arts, ports, hearts	The sports of children satisfy the child.

<i>Rst</i>	Start'st, hurt'st	With these thou flirt'st, and smil'st.
<i>Rth</i>	Earth, worth, forth	From this day forth give each his worth.
<i>Rths</i>	Earths, hearths	Our hearths shall brightly blaze.
<i>Rtsh</i>	March, larch	We may resume the march of our exist- ence.
<i>Rtsht</i>	Search'd, parch'd	Pigmies are pigmies still, tho perched on Alps.
<i>Rv</i>	Nerve, starve, curve,	Swerve not from duty's path, however rough.
<i>Rvd</i>	Curv'd, starv'd	Life is thus preserved and peace re- stored.
<i>Rvz</i>	Nerves, curves,	Then the firmest nerves shall tremble.
<i>Rvst</i>	Nerv'st, swerv'st	I thank thee; thou nerv'st my arm.
<i>Rz</i>	Bars, stars, wears	We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud.
<i>Sf</i>	Sphere, sphynx	The freed soul soars beyond this little sphere.
<i>Shr</i>	Shrill, shrink	The bat shrill shrieking flies away.
<i>Sk</i>	Skill, skip	It is a land unscathed by scorching tear.

<i>Skr</i>	Screen, scribe	Across the wiry edge he drew the screaking file.
<i>Sks</i>	Desks, tasks,	He asks no more than is right.
<i>Skst</i>	Ask'st, bask'st	Ask'st thou to whom belongs this val- ley fair?
<i>Skt</i>	Ask'd, bask'd	He risk'd his own, another's life to save.
<i>Sl</i>	Slime, whistle	Slow tolls the village clock.
<i>Slđ</i>	Whistl'd, nestl'd	The loud blast whistled shrill.
<i>Slz</i>	Nestles, thistles	The grass rustles drearily over his urn.
<i>Slst</i>	Rustl'st, nestl'st	Thou wrestl'st singly with the gale.
<i>Sm</i>	Smile, smoke	The smooth stream now smoother glides.
<i>Sn</i>	Snow, pers'n	The moonlight sleeps upon the snow.
<i>Snd</i>	Less'n'd, list'n'd	He listened to the music.
<i>Snz</i>	List'ns, pers'ns	How the eye of beauty glistens.
<i>Snst</i>	Less'n'st, hast'n'st	Onward thou hasten'st home.

<i>Sp</i>	Span, speed, spar	Sport leapt up and seized his beechen spear.
<i>Spl</i>	Spleen, splendid	The splendor of such sights.
<i>Spr</i>	Spray, spring, sprig	In Spring's footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.
<i>Sps</i>	Grasps, lips, clasps	The youthful ivy clasps the oak.
<i>Spt</i>	Clasp'd, grasp'd	Pope lisp'd in numbers, for the num- bers came.
<i>St</i>	Stand, stop, star	Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star?
<i>Str</i>	Stroll, strive, strong	They have strown the dust on the sunny brow.
<i>Sts</i>	Mists, tastes, coasts	All things seem large which we through mists descry.
<i>Stat</i>	Tast'st, list'st	Now, with what awe thou list'st the wild uproar.
<i>Thnd</i>	Length'n'd, strength'n'd	These proclaim my length'n'd years.
<i>Thndst</i>	Length'n'dst, strength'n'dst	Palsied is the arm thou strength'n'dst.
<i>Thns</i>	Strength'ns, length'ns	He length'ns the hour, in vain.

Yhs	Youths, faiths	Youth's bright hours are fleeting.
Bht	Betroth'd	She was early betroth'd, to a Highland chief.
Thr	Throb, throne, thrill	Soft as the thrill that memory throws across the soul.
Thd	Breath'd, sooth'd, bath'd	They sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Ths	Bathes, tithes, paths	The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Thst	Smooth'st, writh'st	O Guilt ! thou bath'st the world in tears.
Thdst	Smooth'dst, writh'dst	Thou smooth'dst his lonely brow.
Tr	Title, cattle, rattle	The reef-points rattle on the sail.
Trd	Rattl'd titl'd	He prattled less, in accents void of guile.
Trdst	Rattl'dst, startl'dst	Thou startl'dst the slumbering tenants.
Trs	Titles, turtles, battles	How the blood mantles in his cheek.

<i>Tlst</i>	Startl'st, rattl'st	The wild deer thou startl'st in the shade.
<i>Tn</i>	Kitt'n, mitt'n, butt'n	How blessings brighten as they take their flight.
<i>Tnd</i>	Whit'n'd, sweet'n'd	The snow now whit'n'd the earth.
<i>Tnz</i>	Whit'ns, sweet'ns	Thy mercy sweet'ns the cup of wo.
<i>Tr</i>	Tribe, tread, trade	Time's giddy arch with trembling foot we tread.
<i>Tsh</i>	Charm, chime, church	Youth is not rich in time.
<i>Tsh't</i>	Touch'd, watch'd	Hence have I watched while others slept.
<i>Tsh'tst</i>	Snatch'dst	Thou touch'dst his wounded heart.
<i>Ts</i>	Bats, roots, hats	Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss.
<i>Tst</i>	Sitt'st, shout'st	Once on Phyle's brow thou satt'st.
<i>Vdst</i>	Lov'dst, sav'dst	Thou depriv'dst me of all.
<i>VI</i>	Ev'l, shov'l, hov'l	Their hopes still grov'l on this earth.

<i>Vld</i>	Shov'll'd, shriv'll'd	It seared and shriv'll'd up his heart.
<i>Vlst</i>	Shov'l'st, shriv'l'st.	Thou unrav'l'st the very threads of being.
<i>Vldst</i>	Rav'll'dst	Thou unrav'll'd'st the yarn.
<i>Vlz</i>	Ev'ls, shriv'ls	So shriv'ls the leaf in the autumn blast.
<i>Vn</i>	Sev'n. driv'n, crav'n	Thy bonds are riv'n.
<i>Vnz</i>	Rav'ns heav'ns	Heav'n's sapphire arch is its resplend- ent dome.
<i>Vnth</i>	Elev'nth, sev'nth	You came at the elev'nth hour.
<i>Vz</i>	Waves, groves, leaves	The groves were God's first temples.
<i>Vst</i>	Mov'st, rav'st prov'st	Weigh well thy words before thou giv'st them breath.
<i>Zl</i>	Haz'l, dazzle	It is a puzzle indeed.
<i>Zld</i>	Dazzl'd, puzzl'd	My eyes are dazzled with the flame.
<i>Zldst</i>	Dazzl'dst, puzzl'dst	Thou puzzl'dst the brain of the sage.

<i>Zlst</i>	Puzzl'st, dazzl'st	Thou dazzl'st the eye with thy rays.
<i>Zls</i>	Dazzl's, puzzl's	He puzzl's over a doubt.
<i>Zm</i>	Prism, Chasm	The sky shone through the fearful chasm.
<i>Zms</i>	Prisms, chasms	The billows sink to chasms low.
<i>Zn</i>	Blaz'n, crims'n	He sinks on the frozen ground.
<i>Znd</i>	Blaz'n'd, crims'n'd	It is blaz'n'd forth to all.
<i>Znz</i>	Seas'ns blaz'ns	Thou hast all seas'ns for thine own.
<i>Znst</i>	Reas'n'st, blaz'n'st	How well thou reas'n'st, then.

PRONUNCIATION TESTS

a as in *mate*

affla'tus	expa'tiate	sa'pient
al'ien	grimace'	sa'tiate
appara'tus	is'olate	scath'ing
a'priet	mæel'strom	sponta'neous
aqua'rium	main'tenance	squa'lor
a'queous	octa'vo	sta'tus
archan'gel	pacifica'tion	ta'pis
a'rea	pa'tron	tirade'
barba'rian	pla'cate	umbra'geous
bla'tant	pla'giarism	vaga'ry
cuta'neous	ra'pier	va'riegated
da'ta	ra'tion	vera'cious
desidera'tum	saga'cious	verba'tim
era'diate	sa'line	wa'ry

a as in *message*

acrit'ical	immac'ulate	pat'ronage
ad'equate	imme'diately	penult'imate
bifur'cated	inan'imated	precip'itate
coin'age	incar'nate	pref'ace
colle'giate	inor'dinate	prel'ate
delib'erate	in'timate	pre'sage
dic'tionary	in'tricate	ro'seate
dis'ciplinary	men'ace	sa'tiate
drain'age	mod'erate	sed'entary
du'plicate	mon'etary	seg'regate
elab'orate	nec'essary	sen'ate
em'issary	ob'durate	subor'dinate
ener'vate	ob'ligatory	suf'frage
im'itative	pap'illary	trib'utary

a as in *care*

affair'
air
aware'
compare'
declare'
despair'
eclair'
ensnare'
fair
farewell'
flare
forbear'
gar'ish
glare

bear
bear'ish
blare
hair
impair'
lair
par'ent
par'ing
prayer
prepare'
rare'bit
repair'
scar'city
snare

care
chair
clairvoy'ant
solitaire'
spare
square
stair
star'ing
swear
tear
transpar'ent
unfair'
way'farer
wear

a as in *hat*

ab'ject
ad'mirable
al'abaster
ap'plicable
ar'id
bade
baptize'
barbar'ic
cas'uality
chap'eron
chastise'
defal'cate
divan'
fac'ile

fac'tious
finance'
frag'mentary
gran'ary
har'ass
inap'plicable
infal'libile
lab'oratory
lar'ynx
mal'content
narrate'
nas'cent
ocean'ic
pag'eant

pal'mitate
pertinae'ity
pha'lanx
phan'tasm
plac'id
prac'ticable
prevar'icate
rag'time
ra'tional
rav'age
romance'
sal'utary
san'guinary
tract'able

a as in *harp*

alm'ond
ar'bitrary
ar'chitect

ar'tizan
aunt
behalf'

embar'go
far'cical
flaunt

a as in *harp* (Cont'd)

ard'uous	bra'vo	gar'bage
ar'mament	car'mine	gar'land
ar'tery	daunt	gar'ter
guard'ian	hurrah'	qualm
half	jar'gon	sar'casm
har'binger	laugh	sar'donyx
har'bor	launch	saun'ter
hardi'hood	la'va	staunch
har'lequin	panora'ma	suave
har'mony	par'liament	tar'tan
heart	promenade'	wrath

a as in *ask*

advance'	chant	nas'ty
advan'tage	command'	om'bograph
aft'er	courant'	pass
asp	draft	path'less
bacill'us	demand'	perchance'
bas'ket	enhance'	pho'nograph
bass'wood	ghast'ly	plas'ter
bath	glance	quaff
blanch	graft	shaft
blast	grant	slant'ing
branch	grass	staff
brass	hand'fast	task'master
cast	last	vast

a as in *all*

all	auspi'cious	default'
appall'	au'topsy	distraught'
aue'tion	award'	exalt'
auda'cious	bal'sam	exhaust'
au'dible	cal'dron	fal'chion
au'dience	cau'tious	fau'cet
aure'ola	daub	fraught
au'rist	dau'ghter	gawk

a as in *all* (Cont'd)

hau'rient	nau'tical	subal'tern
jaw-bone'	pal'frey	swarm
maud'lin	pal'sied	swar'thy
mausole'um	pau'city	swath
naught	pau'per	taught
nau'sea	psal'ter	wal'rus

a as in *warrant*

qual'ity	wan'ton	wasp
wal'low	was	was'sail
wan'der	wash	what

a as in *sofa*

ar'rogance	gen'ial	nup'tial
dis'sonance	har'ast	obei'sant
el'egance	hes'itancy	or'deal
ely'sian	hin'drance	paradox'ical
embar'rassing	im'migrant	partie'ular
empir'ical	inces'sant	par'tizan
en'trance	indig'nant	ped'antry
ex'tant	inim'ical	picto'rial
far'cical	in'tegral	poign'ant
fidu'cial	lacon'ical	ram'pant
fi'nal	ling'ual	rel'evant
fla'grant	mad'am	reluc'tant
frater'nal	mercu'rial	tol'erance
fus'tian	neu'tral	va'riance

e as in *eve*

abste'mious	colle'gian	dete'riorate
amel'iorate	compeer'	econom'ical
ame'nable	erite'ron	e'dict
bacte'ria	decease'	e'gotism
cere'ment	de'pot	egre'gious

e as in *eve* (Cont'd)

<i>e'gress</i>	<i>mien</i>	<i>reme'diable</i>
<i>elastic'ity</i>	<i>muse'um</i>	<i>reprieve'</i>
<i>ethe'ral</i>	<i>obei'sance</i>	<i>secret'ive</i>
<i>excre'tion</i>	<i>obse'quious</i>	<i>se'nile</i>
<i>fe'tish</i>	<i>ome'ga</i>	<i>serene'</i>
<i>hymene'al</i>	<i>panace'a</i>	<i>spontane'ity</i>
<i>hyste'ria</i>	<i>pe'nalize</i>	<i>strate'gic</i>
<i>imper'ious</i>	<i>pre'science</i>	<i>te'dious</i>
<i>lyce'um</i>	<i>prime'val</i>	<i>ze'nith</i>

e as in *event*

<i>ad'equacy</i>	<i>felo'nious</i>	<i>pen'etrable</i>
<i>beat'itude</i>	<i>feroc'ity</i>	<i>qui'etude</i>
<i>behave'</i>	<i>gay'ety</i>	<i>redress'</i>
<i>benev'olence</i>	<i>hid'eous</i>	<i>rel'egate</i>
<i>create'</i>	<i>im'becile</i>	<i>replied'</i>
<i>contrari'ety</i>	<i>im'petus</i>	<i>research'</i>
<i>dele'tive</i>	<i>im'precate</i>	<i>seba'ceous</i>
<i>deri'sive</i>	<i>incom'petent</i>	<i>si'necure</i>
<i>desist'</i>	<i>indig'enous</i>	<i>sobri'ety</i>
<i>ebul'lience</i>	<i>main'tenance</i>	<i>specif'ic</i>
<i>econ'omist</i>	<i>mal'leable</i>	<i>tena'cious</i>
<i>ejac'ulate</i>	<i>ni'cety</i>	<i>ve'hement</i>
<i>elate'</i>	<i>pan'theism</i>	<i>veloc'ity</i>
<i>elu'sive</i>	<i>par'esis</i>	<i>verac'ity</i>

e as in *grey*

<i>eight</i>	<i>hey'day</i>	<i>skein</i>
<i>feign</i>	<i>obey'</i>	<i>sleigh</i>
<i>feint</i>	<i>prey</i>	<i>they</i>
<i>grey</i>	<i>reign</i>	<i>vein</i>
<i>hei'nous</i>	<i>rein</i>	<i>whey</i>

e as in *get*

adept'	dif'fident	ingen'uous
benef'icent	eclec'tic	obes'ity
bienn'ial	ex'emplary	orthoep'ic
cel'lo	ex'igency	prec'edent
chef	ex'pletive	predecess'or
chev'iot	fem'inine	pref'atory
chimer'ical	gener'ic	pretense'
clandes'tine	heav'en	prevent'ive
clem'atis	heret'ical	quies'cent
deaf	her'oism	recess'
dec'ade	incen'diarism	rec'reant
def'icit	incen'tive	rep'lica
des'ultory	inclem'ent	ret'ina
dev'astate	inex'plicable	tep'id

e as in *ere*

ere	ne'er	where
e'er	their	where'by
heir	there	where'fore
heir'loom	there'fore	where'in

e as in *her*

adver'tisement	imper'vious	pervert'
alter'nately	inadvert'ence	research'
aversion	inert'	serge
confer'ring	inter'polate	ser'pentine
con'verse	learn'ing	serv'ile
deter'mine	mer'cury	super'fluous
divert'	mer'ger	ter'minate
ener'vate	perch	ver'dure
excerpt'	per'fidy	ver'satil'ity
fer'tile	per'manent	ver'tebra

e as in *ever*

accel'erate
 accu'ser
 ad'versary
 a'rated
 am'bergris
 am'persand
 an'eroid
 bit'ters
 blind'er
 chronom'eter

collat'eral
 con'queror
 con'versant
 ef'fervesce
 ephem'eral
 embow'er
 ev'ery
 fen'der
 gla'cier
 gov'ernment

lit'erary
 mark'er
 mys'tery
 nu'merous
 on'erous
 pu'erile
 pervert'
 rail'lery
 supercil'ious
 ven'erate

i as in *ice*

accl'i'mate
 admire'
 aspi'rant
 attire'
 biog'raphy
 bronchi'tis
 canine'
 coincide'
 col'umbine
 demoni'acal
 deri'sive
 er'udite
 excise'
 fi'nite

gladi'olus
 hori'zon
 impi'ety
 indict'ment
 inqui'ry
 i'odin
 invi'olable
 i'solate
 ni'hilist
 notori'ety
 par'asite
 pri'macy
 priva'tion
 propri'ety

qui'nin
 repri'sal
 requi'tal
 respir'atory
 sati'ety
 sat'urnine
 seis'mograph
 se'nile
 simulta'neous
 si'neure
 si'phon
 si'ren
 sti'pend
 tri'cycle

i as in *idea*

bicar'bonate
 biog'raphy
 biol'ogy
 chirog'raphy
 climac'teric
 climat'ic
 crite'rion
 diam'eter

diaph'anous
 final'ity
 gigan'tic
 hiber'nal
 hila'rious
 iea'rian
 i'con'oclast
 ide'alize

i'den'tity
 i'dol'atry
 i'dyl'lic
 i'ras'cible
 i'tin'erant
 liba'tion
 libra'rian
 migra'tion

i as in idea (Cont'd)

nitrog'enous	sciat'ic	vica'rious
prime'val	trian'gular	viola'tion
primor'dial	tribu'nal	vital'ity
prior'ity	trien'nial	vitupera'tion
quie'tus	trium'phant	viva'cious

i as in machine

antique'	intrigue'	routine'
benzine'	li'ra	scarlati'na
casino'	li'vre	si'gnor
chie'	machine'	signori'na
chief'ly	magazine'	submarine'
clique	modiste'	suite
cri'tique	na'ive	tambourine'
cui'rassier	oblique'	tapis'
cuisine'	physique'	technique'
elite'	pi'quant	tri'o
ennui'	pique	unique'
fiance'	quar'antine	valise'
guil'lotine	recitative'	ver'digris

i as in pin

abol'ish	ef'ficacy	insid'ious
ag'ile	el'igible	in'tricacy
aq'uiline	facil'itate	live'long
benig'nant	finance'	mer'cantile
brig'and	foun'tain	niche
cap'tain	frag'ile	obliv'ious
chime'ra	gen'uine	perfid'ious
conspir'acy	gib'bet	propin'quity
didac'tic	her'oine	rep'tile
digress'	hypoc'risy	satir'ical
diplo'ma	ig'nominy	sun'ister
direct'	inartic'ulate	tirade'
divan'	incip'ient	vir'ulent
divide'	indig'enous	vis'or

i as in bird

affirm'	firm	skir'mish
birch	fir'mament	skirt
chirp	first	smirch
cir'cuit	firth	squirm
cir'culate	flirta'tion	squir'rel
cir'cumspect	gird	stir
cir'cumstance	girth	stir'rup
circumvent'	irk'some	third
confirm'	kirk	thirst'y
dirge	mirth	twirl
dirk	quirk	vir'gin
elixir	shirk	vir'tual
fir	shirred	vir'tue
fir'kin	sir	whirl

o as in hole

abdo'men	deco'rous	orien'ta'
acrimo'nious	do'nate	o'rotund
anem'oscope	discourse'	o'tiose
apol'lo	expo'nent	o'zone
ban'derole	free'stone	pro'creant
bo'vine	ho'meopath	pos'tern
braggado'cio	imbrogl'io	propose'
bro'mide	immo'bile	quo'rum
cat'acomb	lach'rymose	quote
cho'rist	mo'bile	recourse'
co'coa	mo'mentary	reproach'
commo'dious	oleag'inous	rove
condo'lence	o'men	sonor'ous
conflow'	oppro'brious	verbose'

o as in obey

daf'fodil	dor'mitory	ex'piatory
di'ocese	esoter'ic	fo'liolate
domain'	eu'logize	foren'sic
domes'tic	eu'phony	friv'olous

o as in obey (Cont'd)

gon'dola	loqua'cious	per'emptory
hom'onym	malev'olence	polem'ic
hyper'bole	morass'	pronounce'
idiosyn'crasy	morose'	propose'
ignomin'ious	ne'ophyte	recip'rocal
im'molate	obe'dience	rhet'oric
inex'orable	obes'ity	robust'
invi'olable	orac'ular	rotund'
lab'oratory	par'simony	scholas'tic
le'oline	per'colate	sor'row

o as in accord

adorn'ment	impor'tunate	or'thodox
disor'der	indorse'ment	orthop'ic
dor'mant	inform'er	por'celain
enor'mity	malformed'	por'poise
escort'	metamor'phose	retort'ed
exhort'	mor'bid	scorch
exor'dium	mor'dant	scor'pion
extraor'dinary	mor'tal	sor'ghum
for'feit	mort'gage	torch
forlorn'	mor'tification	torment'
form'ative	or'chestra	tor'pid
for'tify	or'chid	tor'so
for'tune	or'dinance	tor'toise
gor'geous	or'molu	vor'tex

o as in not

allop'athist	contin'uancy	flor'id
atroc'ity	cor'ollary	for'eign
cat'alog	doc'ile	for'est
chirop'odist	dodge	grov'el
com'bative	dol'orous	hom'age
com'parable	elon'gate	homeop'athy
compos'ite	ep'och	hom'ily

o as in not (Cont'd)

hos'tage	nom'ad	pon'iard
hot'spur	ob'ligatory	proc'ess
hypochon'dria	of'fice	prog'ress
incom'parable	om'inous	sod'den
medioe'rity	or'ange	sol'ace
mel'ancholy	or'ator	superior'ity
minor'ity	osten'sible	tor'rid

o as in canoe

boudoir'	group	souvenir'
bou'levard	immov'able	through
bouquet'	lose	tomb
bour'don	move'ment	tour
bourse	prove	tour'nament
coupe'	remove'	tour'niquet
cou'pon	rouge	troupe
courant'	rou'leau	trousseau'
cou'rier	rou'tine	undo'
croup	route	who
do	shoe	whose
dour	sou'brette	you
gour'met	souffle'	youth

o as in woman

bos'om	togeth'er	wom'anhood
could	to-night'	wom'ankind
should	wolf	worst'ed
to-day'	wolverine'	would

o as in cover

come'ly	con'jurer	cov'etous
com'fort	cov'enant	drom'edary
com'ing	cov'ent	fish'monger
com'pass	cov'er	hon'ey

o as in cover (Cont'd)

hov'er	mon'grel	rom'mel
love'lock	mon'key	shov'el
love'lorn	month	ton'nage
lov'ing	none	tongue
mon'etary	oth'er	wont
mon'eywort	plov'er	wor'ry

o as in atom

alm'ond	clar'ion	mel'on
ar'bored	colla'tor	mo'tion
ar'bitrator	chame'leon	na'tional
atten'tion	dicta'tor	persim'mon
benedic'tion	equa'tion	pig'eon
bi'shop	fal'chion	ran'dom
bux'om	had'dock	revolu'tion
cin'namon	hys'sop	saf'fron
cit'ron	lem'on	sal'mon
ma'tron	me'diator	stur'geon

u as in unit

ap'titude	hercu'lean	mul'titude
av'enue	illu'minate	nwi'sance
beau'teous	illu'sion	opportune'
coadju'tor	impugn'	perpetu'ity
contuse'	impute'	plat'itude
cu'linary	incredu'lity	presume'
du'bious	in'stitute	reduce'
duke	ju'rist	res'olute
du'ty	lon'gitude	salu'brious
elu'cidate	lu'cid	stupid'ity
elude'	lugu'brious	suit
expugn'	lu'minary	tu'mult
for'titude	luxu'riant	tune
grat'itude	matu'rity	use

u as in unite

ac'tuate	inac'curacy	perspic'uous
bib'ulous	indis'putable	pet'ulant
em'ulous	indis'soluble	quer'ulous
emol'ument	insin'uate	refuta'tion
em'ulate	in'sular	reg'ular
epicure'an	lei'sure	sched'ule
es'tuary	lieuten'ant	sec'ular
euchlo'rin	meas'ure	stat'uary
fab'ulous	neurot'ic	stat'ute
fat'uous	nutri'tion	stupen'dous
for'tunate	pec'ulate	sub'lunary
habit'ual	pen'dulous	treas'ure
impet'uous	pen'ury	unan'ymous
impromptu	per'jury	vir'ulent

u as in rule

abstruse'	juice	ru'ler
assur'ance	miscon'struce	ru'minate
bruise	obtrude'	ru'mor
cruc'ial	par'achute	ru'ral
excruc'iate	peruse'	ruse
flue	pru'dent	ruth'less
fru'gal	reeruit'	scrup'le
fruit	rhu'barb	scrutinize
garru'lity	ru'ble	sluice
impru'dent	ruby	spruce
incongru'ity	rude	sure
inscrutable	ru'diment	tru'aney
insur'ed	rue'ful	truce
intrude'	ru'in	truth

u as in full

bull	bull'finch	bul'rush
bul'let	bul'lion	bul'wark
bul'letin	bul'lock	bush

u as in full (Cont'd)

bush'el	gar'ulous	pul'ley
butch'er	hate'ful	pull'man
cush'ion	health'ful	pul'pit
doubt'ful	hurrah'	push
du'tiful	hussar'	put
fear'ful	immen'surable	resent'ful
fit'ful	joy'ful	sloth'ful
fulfill'	mer'ciful	ver'sual
full	mind'ful	vir'ulence
ful'some	pull	wil'ful

u as in urn

bifur'cate	murk'y	sur'feit
bur'lap	mur'mur	surge
burlesque'	nur'ture	sur'gery
concur'	objur'gate	tac'iturn
court'eous	perturb'	tur'ban
cur'few	purloin'	tur'bulent
cur'sory	pur'ple	tur'gid
demur'	pur'port	tur'pitude
diur'nal	purs'er	tur'quoise
furl	regur'gitate	ur'ban
gur'gle	Satur'nian	ur'chin
hurt	scourge	urge
imperturb'able	so'journ	urn
jour'ney	sur'face	usurp'

u as in but

annun'ciate	expunge'	incur'rent
blud'geon	exult'	in'dustry
cal'umny	ful'minate	inun'date
cut'lery	gul'lible	is'thmus
divulge'	hum'ble	joc'und
duc'tile	illus'trate	lus'trous
expul'sion	incul'cate	luxu'riance

u as in *but* (Cont'd)

multiplie'ity	pun'gent	tumult'uous
occult'	submerge'	unc'tuous
papy'rus	sub'tle	undu'ly
promul'gate	sub'urb	un'guent
pul'monary	succinet'	unscrup'ulous
pul'sate	sump'tuous	unprec'edented
punctil'ious	sur'rogate	vul'nerable

oo as in *boot*

balloon'	hoof	road
boon	hoot	roof
boot	loose	room
broom	macaroon'	root
cartoon'	moon	schoo'ner
coo'lie	moor	soon
coop	moot	soothe
dragoon'	platoon'	spool
fool'ish	pontoon'	stoop
gloom	pool	whoop

oo as in *book*

book	good'ly	nook
book'ish	good'ness	rook
brook	hood	took
cook	hood'ed	wood
crook	hood'wink	wood'en
crook'ed	hook	wood'y
foot	hook'ed	wool
forsook'	look	wool'en
good	look'ing	wool'ly

oi as in *oil*

broil	loi'ter	soil
embroid'ery	nois'y	toil
foil	oil	tur'moil
hoist	poi'son	voice
join	quoit	void

ou as in out

abound'
crouch
devour'
dough'ty
expound'

found
foun'tain
ground
loud
mount

noun
out'ward
round
sound
vouch'er

th as in this

bathe
blithe
booth
clothes
gather

hither
lathe
mother
sheathe
smooth

that
then
those
thou
wreath

th as in pith

breaths
cloth
lath
length
month

moth
oath
path
sheath
think

this'tle
thought
truths
wreath
youths

PART IV
GESTURE AND FACIAL EXPRESSION



GESTURE AND FACIAL EXPRESSION

There is a language of the emotions as well as a language of ideas. In order properly to express feeling there must be not only tones of the voice, but appropriate gesture and facial expression.

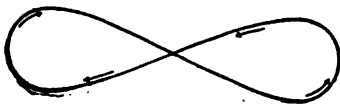
In describing a gesture the arm should be moved in curves rather than in straight lines. A straight-line gesture is seldom used, and then only for great emphasis. The fingers should not be held together as if made in one piece, but gracefully curved, as may be observed in fine statuary.

It is well to bear in mind that "movements generally should proceed from the superior part—that is, from the shoulder, not the elbow; from the thigh, not the knee; from the knuckles, not the finger joint; otherwise the movements will be angular and ungraceful."

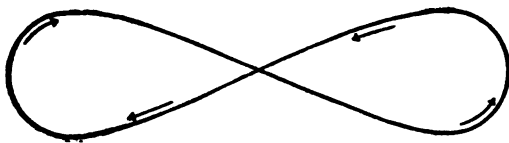
The correct standing position in reading or speaking is with one foot slightly in advance of the other, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the toes turned a little outward. The body should be easily erect, the head well poised, the expression of the face pleasant, and the entire appearance that of one at ease. In changing the position of the feet the movements should be made with simplicity. It is not well to change about too often, and extreme movements, such as stamping the foot, throwing back the head, shrugging the shoulders, and other energetic motions, should be used sparingly if at all.

One of the best exercises for developing ease and grace in gesture—it might be called "the art of gesture in a nut-

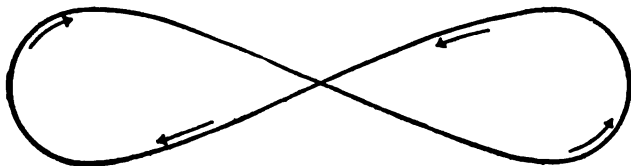
shell''—is to practise a movement describing a figure eight. Note the following illustrations:



Begin with the right hand, palm upward, elbow close to side, and describe a figure eight from the wrist only.



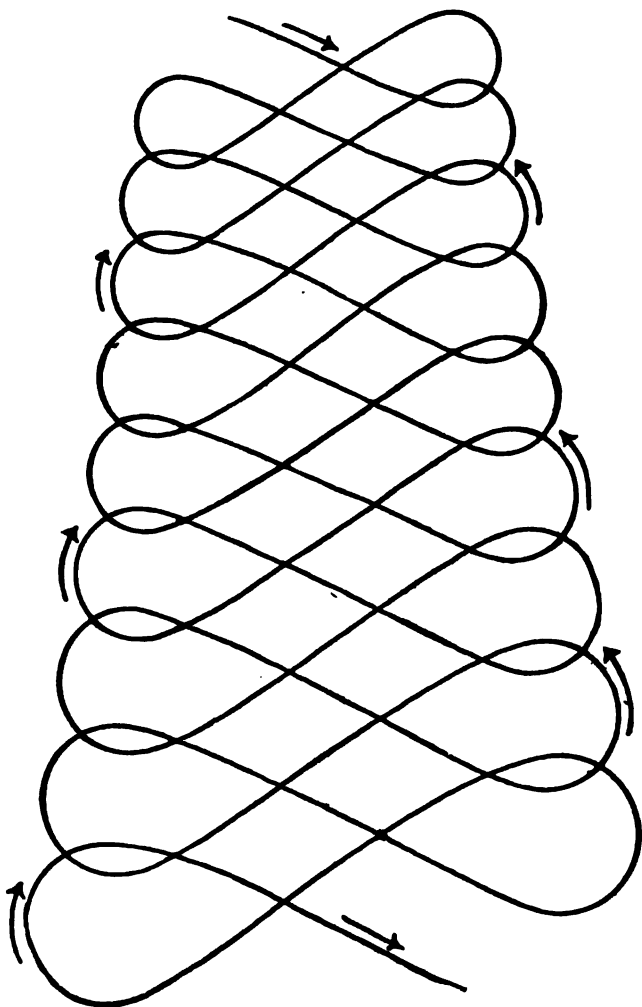
Gradually enlarge the figure eight, by bringing the movement less from the wrist and more from the elbow.



Continue to enlarge the figure eight, gradually bringing the movement less from the wrist and elbow, and more from the shoulder. The exercise should end with a broad, sweeping movement from the shoulder.

Next repeat the exercise with the left hand, and finally with both hands together. It is helpful at first to practise this figure eight before a looking-glass, in order to check awkwardness or superfluous movements of the body.

The following diagram will perhaps make the complete exercise more clear:



GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

READING AND ACTION

Read in the same manner you would do were the matter your own original sentiments uttered directly from the heart. Action should not be used in ordinary reading. In reading impassioned language where the reader, for the time, is in the place of the author, or in reading from a manuscript address, as a sermon, speech, etc., action may be used, but it must be impulsive. In these cases, the eyes should occasionally be directed from the words to the audience. If the book be held, it should be in the left hand, a few inches from the body, and as high as the center of the breast, the face being nearly perpendicular. It should not, however, be held so high as to prevent the hearer from seeing the reader's mouth, as the voice would thereby be more or less obstructed, and the expression of the features partly concealed. The fingers of the right hand may hold the margin of the book lightly, so as to be ready to turn over the leaves; or they may be placed just below the line the reader is pronouncing, to aid him in keeping his place.—SMITH.

IMPORTANCE OF TRAINING

Men who are seriously affected, and express their feelings in public according to their natural impression, if previously uninstructed, may in some measure be ungraceful; but, when so much in earnest as to cease to think of appearances, or of anything but the accomplishment of their particular object, they never fail to be energetic and impressive in proportion to their sincerity, their good sense, and the extent of their information. It will be here observed that no comparison is made between sincerity, good sense, and information on the one hand, as opposed to grace on the other; the influence of the truth, however presented, it is hoped will always be victorious in every wise assembly. But it may not be amiss above all other ornaments to present truth by the simple grace and dignity which so much become it, and so admirably suit its character. And the ob-

servation goes only so far as to show that nothing less than the irresistible force of sincerity and fact can bear out a public speaker when divested of grace, the proper garb and ornament of truth. A silly fellow, however capable of imitating a graceful manner, can never be an impressive speaker; his attempts degenerate into vapid affectation, and impose only on the weak and ignorant; yet, as such descriptions of people make no inconsiderable portion of a popular audience, the affected graces of a fluent coxcomb will not be altogether disregarded. Such is the influence of the exterior in oratory. But genuine oratorical grace can only be the result of refined cultivation adorning a superior understanding, or the rare gift of nature to a pure and exalted mind, express by the actions of a distinguished person.—AUSTIN.

POSITION OF THE FEET

Those passions which incline us to advance toward their object, as love, desire, anger and revenge, naturally cause the corresponding hand and foot to advance together with the head and body; for in this way the nearest approach is made to the object. And when passions of a contrary nature, as aversion and terror, affect us, still the corresponding hand and foot are advanced, as if the better to guard the body and head, which are thrown back. In such cases it would produce unnatural distortion to advance the contrary hand and foot. Under tranquil circumstances, as when the speaker delivers narrative, or reasons calmly, the contrary hand and foot may advance together with grace and propriety.—COMSTOCK.

USE OF THE EMOTIONS

A speaker ought to take care not to work himself up to tears; yet if they shall naturally flow, he should not use the least effort to stop them. The grimaces of a speaker who forces himself to cry are either disgusting or ridiculous; but when his tears flow spontaneously, it rarely happens that the emotions which attend them are disagreeable. The speakers who endeavor to weep never can thoroughly feel what they say; for when it is the soul that speaks, tears require no intermediate assistance to make them flow. If they are affected, the cheat is easily dis-

covered, and the effect they have is either none at all, or very bad; but if they are natural, they touch the heart, and steal the good wishes of the spectators.—RICCOBONI.

THE HANDS IN EXPRESSION

Without the aid of the hands, action would be mutilated and void of energy, but it is hardly possible, since they are almost as copious as words themselves, to enumerate the variety of motions of which they are capable. The action of the other parts of the body assists the speaker, but the hands (I could almost say) speak themselves. By them do we not demand, promise, call, dismiss, threaten, supplicate, express abhorrence and terror, question, and deny? Do we not by them express joy and sorrow, doubt, confession, repentance, measure, quantity, number and time? Do they not also encourage, supplicate, restrain, convict, admire, respect? And in pointing out places and persons do they not discharge the office of adverbs and of pronouns? So that in the great diversity of languages, which obtain among all kingdoms and nations, theirs appears to me the universal language of all mankind.—QUINTILIAN.

FREQUENCY OF GESTURE

As gesture is used for the illustration or enforcement of language, it should be limited in its application to such words and passages only as admit, or rather require, such illustration or enforcement. That is, gesture should not be used by a public speaker on every word, where it is possible to apply it without manifest impropriety; but it should rather be reserved for such passages as require to be rendered more prominent than others, and to be colored higher. A judicious speaker will therefore reserve his gesture, at least the force and ornament of it, for those parts of his discourse for which he also reserves the brilliancy of language and thought. As words of themselves, when composed and delivered with propriety, are fully intelligible for every purpose of argument, instruction and information; in those divisions of a discourse, therefore, which treat of such topics, gesture may be well spared, and if any is used it ought to be the most moderate and unostentatious.—AUSTIN.

THE HEAD AND EYES

As the head gives the chief grace to the person, so does it principally contribute to the expression of grace in delivery. It must be held in an erect and natural position. For when hung down it expresses humility, when turned upward arrogance, when inclined to one side it expresses languor, and when stiff and rigid it indicates a degree of barbarity in the mind. Its movements should be suited to the character of the delivery; they should accord with the gesture, and fall in with the action of the hands and the motions of the body. The eyes are always to be directed as the gesture points; except when we have occasion to condemn, to refuse, or to require any object to be removed; on which occasions we should at the same moment express aversion in our countenance, and reject by our gesture.—QUINTILIAN.

FAULTS TO BE AVOIDED

The gestures of the arms and hands are not to be so executed as if they proceeded from the trunk as from a rigid log, but are to be always supported by the accompaniment of the body. Not by affected and ridiculous contortions, but by the manly and free exertions of the muscles of the body, the general consent of which is indispensable for the production of graceful motion. The raising up or shrugging of the shoulders in order to express indifference or contempt is merely theatrical, and should be sparingly used even on the stage. Quintilian condemns it altogether in an orator. "Some people rise up their shoulders in speaking, but this is a fault in gesture. Demosthenes, in order to cure himself of it, used to stand in a narrow pulpit, and practised to speak with a spear hanging over his shoulder, in such a manner that, if in the heat of delivery, he failed to avoid this fault, he should be corrected by hurting himself against the point."—AUSTIN.

THE USE OF THE ARMS AND HANDS

The gestures of the arms and hands may be performed by each separately, or by both together, each using similar or dissimilar actions. Thus the arms and hands may mutually imitate

the positions of each other, or the hands only may imitate each other, while the arms are differently elevated or differently directed. Both arms and hands may perform the same gesture, or exactly imitate each other, when the body of the speaker is presented toward the person address precisely in front; but if the body be not so presented the gestures will not be exactly similar. and as such a position and gestures are not graceful, they are not frequently used. The body is generally presented a little obliquely, and one hand is usually advanced before the other and elevated differently.—AUSTIN.

VARIETY OF GESTURE

Variety, which is a most important object to be kept in view by a public speaker, allows with advantage an interchange of the principal gesture, even when the subject may be of a more abstruse and demonstrative nature. When there is any opposition or antithesis among the ideas, or even in the structure of sentences; or where a new argument is introduced after the discussion of a former is ended, as at a new division or a new paragraph, there may be a change of the principal gesture. But it will be a point of judgment and taste in the speaker not to carry this balancing or alternation of gesture to an affected extreme, and not even in allowable cases to indulge in it overmuch; nor will he prolong too far the principal action permitted to the left hand, which he will always feel to be the weaker, and recollect to be admitted into the foremost place rather by courtesy than of right; and he will, therefore, require to use its distinction with discretion.—AUSTIN.

THE LEFT HAND IN GESTURE

The occasions on which the left hand may perform the principal gesture are the following: 1. When the persons address are on the left side, the left hand naturally performs the principal gesture, in order to prevent the awkwardness of gesticulating across the body. 2. The necessary discrimination of objects opposed to each other requires the left hand alternately to perform the principal gesture. 3. The advantage of variety.

4. The power of giving not only variety but force by occasionally elevating the retired hand, and bestowing upon it all the spirit and authority of the gesture.—COMSTOCK.

THE ORDER OF GESTURE

The arm, the hand, and the fingers united in one flexible line of several joints, which combine together their mutual action, form the grand instrument of gesture, or, as Cicero calls it, "the weapons of the orator." The center of motion of this compound line is the shoulder, which does not move all together in the manner of an inflexible line, but each separate joint becomes often a new center of motion for the portion between it and the extremity. Accordingly, in directing the gesture toward any particular point the upper arm first arrives at its proper position; then the forearm, turning on the joint of the elbow, and lastly the hand moving on the joint of the wrist; and in some cases there is a fourth motion of the fingers from the knuckles next the palm, in which the last motion is the expanding of the collected fingers. The other joints of the fingers have in this case also their peculiar motions, but they are so inconsiderable that, however contributing to grace, they do not require to be particularly noticed here.—AUSTIN.

IMPORTANCE OF EARNESTNESS

Above all, be in earnest. When the Bishop of London asked Betterton, "What could be the reason that whole audiences should be moved to tears, and have all sorts of passions excited at the representation of some story on the stage, which they knew to be feigned, and in the event of which they were not at all concerned; yet that the same persons should sit so utterly unmoved at discourses from the pulpit, upon subjects of the utmost importance to them, relative not only to their temporal, but also their eternal interests?" he received from the tragedian this memorable reply, "My lord, it is because we are in earnest." But before the actor (or orator) resigns himself to the government of his feelings he ought to be sure that he shall retain the power of guiding and correcting them when they are growing too impetuous.—ENGEL.

LOUDNESS AND INTENSITY

Do not substitute loudness for intensity. Intensity relates to passion or feeling; loudness to strength of voice. The former should be proportioned to the language; the latter to the size of the place. Their difference is that of passion and rant, nature and extravagance.

Study to acquire variety in pitch, tone, rate, and force of utterance, action, expression, etc.; but use it with discretion, and never for the sake of mere variety. It should always accord with the language. Speaking in one manner, however good in its proper place, will fatigue the speaker and weary the audience.—SMITH.

STROKE OF THE GESTURE

In all discourse, whether calm or impassioned, the words and the gestures should accompany each other. As in beating time in music, the beat is made on the accented part of the measure, so in speaking, the stroke of the gesture should fall on the accented syllable of the emphatic word, at the same moment prompts the gesture. Hence the muscles of gesticulation should move synchronously and harmoniously with those of the voice. All the unmeaning motions of public speakers are attended with the same ill effect as a mouthing and canting tone of declamation, which lays no emphasis with just discrimination, but swells and falls with a vain affectation of feeling, and with absolute deficiency both in taste and judgment.—COMSTOCK.

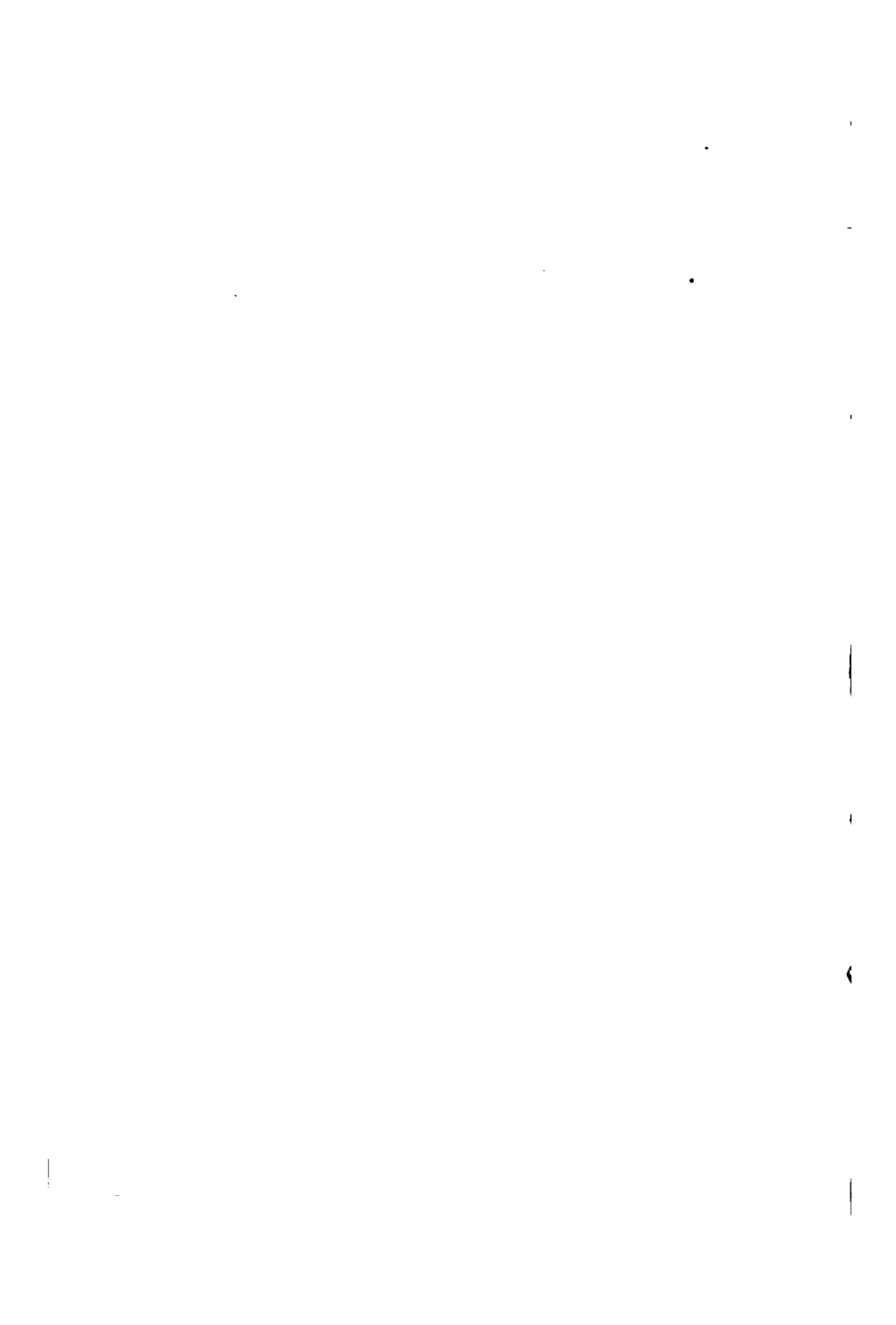
THE PURPOSE OF GESTURE

The stroke of the gesture is analogous to the impression of the voice made on those words which it would illustrate or enforce; it is used for the same purposes and should fall precisely on the same place, that is, on the accented syllable of the emphatic word, so that the emphatic force of the voice and the stroke of the gesture cooperate in order to present the idea in the most lively and distinguished manner, as well to the eye as to the ear of the hearer. The stroke of the gesture is to the eye what the emphasis and inflections of the voice are to the ear, and it is capable of equal force and variety.—AUSTIN.

ALTERNATE GESTURES

Auxiliary or alternate gestures serve to aid or enforce the gesture of the advanced hand. They are thus performed: After the advanced hand has made its gesture on the emphatic word, instead of passing to another gesture on the next emphatic word, it remains in the attitude of the last stroke, till the retired hand is brought up in aid of it, either by a similar gesture or by a more decided one; which gives at once variety and extraordinary energy to passages admitting such gestures. They are used, of course, with great advantage in high passion, but are also frequent in description, where they are executed more tamely.—AUSTIN.

PART V
SELECTIONS FOR PRACTISE



SELECTIONS FOR PRACTISE

THE PUBLIC DUTY OF EDUCATED MEN*

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

It is with diffidence that I rise to add any words of mine to the music of these younger voices. This day, gentlemen of the graduating class, is especially yours. It is a day of high hope and expectation; and the counsels that fall from older lips should be carefully weighed, lest they chill the ardor of a generous enthusiasm or stay the all-conquering faith of youth that moves the world. To those who, constantly and actively engaged in a thousand pursuits, are still persuaded that educated intelligence molds States and leads mankind, no day in the year is more significant, more inspiring, than this of the college commencement. It matters not at what college it may be celebrated. It is the same at all. We stand here, indeed, beneath these college walls, beautiful for situation, girt at this moment with perfumed splendor of midsummer, and full of tender memories and joyous associations to those who hear me. But on this day, and on other days, at a hundred other colleges, this summer sun beholds the same spectacle of eager and earnest throngs. The faith that we hold, they also cherish. It is the same God that is worshiped at the different altars. It is the same benediction that descends upon every reverent head and believing heart. In this annual celebration of faith in the power and the responsibility of educated men, all the colleges in the country, in whatever State, of whatever age, of whatever religious sympathy or direction, form but one great Union university.

*"From Volume I. Curtis's Orations and Addresses. Published by Harper & Brothers."

But the interest of the day is not that of mere study, of sound scholarship as an end, of good books for their own sake, but of education as a power in human affairs, of educated men as an influence in the commonwealth. "Tell me," said an American scholar of Goethe, the many-sided, "what did he ever do for the cause of man?" The scholar, the poet, the philosopher, are men among other men. From these unavoidable social relations spring opportunities and duties. How do they use them? How do they discharge them? Does the scholar show in his daily walk that he has studied the wisdom of ages in vain? Does the poet sing of angelic purity and lead an unclean life? Does the philosopher peer into other worlds, and fail to help this world upon its way? Four years before our Civil War, the same scholar—it was Theodore Parker—said sadly: "If our educated men had done their duty, we should not now be in the ghastly condition we bewail." The theme of to-day seems to me to be prescribed by the occasion. It is the festival of the departure of a body of educated young men into the world. This company of picked recruits marches out with beating drums and flying colors to join the army. We who feel that our fate is gracious which allowed a liberal training, are here to welcome and to advise. On your behalf, Mr. President and gentlemen, with your authority, and with all my heart, I shall say a word to them and to you of the public duty of educated men in America.

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The first object of concerted political action is the highest welfare of the country. But the conditions of party association are such that the means are constantly and easily substituted for the end. The sophistry is subtle and seductive. Holding the ascendancy of his party essential to the national welfare, the zealous partizan merges patriotism in party. He insists that not to sustain the party is to betray the country, and against all honest doubt and reasonable hesitation and reluctance, he vehemently urges

that quibbles of conscience must be sacrificed to the public good; that wise and practical men will not be squeamish; that every soldier in the army can not indulge in his own whims; and that if the majority may justly prevail in determining the Government, it must not be questioned in the control of the party.

This spirit adds moral coercion to sophistry. It denounces as a traitor him who protests against party tyranny, and it makes unflinching adherence to what is called regular party action the condition of the gratification of honorable political ambition. Because a man who sympathizes with the party aims refuses to vote for a thief, this spirit scorns him as a rat and a renegade. Because he holds to principle and law against party expediency and dictation, he is proclaimed to have betrayed his country, justice, and humanity. Because he tranquilly insists upon deciding for himself when he must dissent from his party, he is reviled as a popinjay and a visionary fool. Seeking with honest purpose only the welfare of his country, the hot air around him hums with the cry of "the grand old party," "the traditions of the party," "loyalty to the party," "future of the party," "servant of the party"; and he sees and hears the gorged and portly money-changers in the temple usurping the very divinity of the God. Young hearts! be not dismayed. If ever any one of you shall be the man denounced, do not forget that your own individual convictions are the whip of small cords which God has put into your hands to expel the blasphemers.

The same party spirit naturally denies the patriotism of its opponents. Identifying itself with the country, it regards all others as public enemies. This is substantially revolutionary politics. It is the condition of France, where, in its own words, the revolution is permanent. Instead of regarding the other party as legitimate opponents—in the English phrase, His Majesty's Opposition—lawfully seeking a different policy under the Government, it decries that party as a conspiracy plotting the overthrow of the Government itself. History is lurid with the wasting fires

of this madness. We need not look to that of other lands. Our own is full of it. It is painful to turn to the opening years of the Union, and see how great the men whom we are taught to revere, and to whose fostering care the beginning of the Republic was entrusted, fanned their hatred and suspicion of each other. Do not trust the flattering voices that whisper of a golden age behind us, and bemoan our own as a degenerate day. The castles of hope always shine along the horizon. Our fathers saw theirs where we are standing. We behold ours where our fathers stood. But pensive regret for the heroic past, like eager anticipation of the future, shows only that the vision of a loftier life forever lures the human soul. We think our fathers to have been wiser than we, and their day more enviable. But eighty years ago the Federalists abhorred their opponents as Jacobins, and thought Robespierre and Marat no worse than Washington's Secretary of State. Their opponents retorted that the Federalists were plotting to establish a monarchy by force of arms. The New England pulpit anathematized Tom Jefferson as an atheist and a satyr. Jefferson denounced John Jay as a rogue, and the chief newspaper of the opposition, on the morning that Washington retired from the presidency, thanked God that the country was now rid of the man who was the source of all its misfortunes. There is no mire in which party spirit wallows to-day with which our fathers were not befouled, and how little sincere the vituperation was, how shallow a fury, appears when Jefferson and Adams had retired from public life. Then they corresponded placidly and familiarly, each at last conscious of the other's fervent patriotism; and when they died, they were lamented in common by those who in their names had flown at each other's throats, as the patriarchal Castor and Pollux of the pure age of our politics, now fixt as a constellation of hope in our heaven.

The same brutal spirit showed itself at the time of Andrew Johnson's impeachment. Impeachment is a proceeding to be instituted only for great public reasons, which should, presumptively, command universal support. To

her ha prostitute the power of impeachment to a mere party purpose would readily lead to the reversal of the result of an election. But it was made a party measure. The party was to be whipt into its support; and when certain Senators broke the party yoke upon their necks, and voted according to their convictions, as honorable men always will, whether the party whips like it or not, one of the whippers-in exclaimed of a patriotism the struggle of obedience to which cost one Senator, at least, his life—"If there is anything worse than the treachery, it is the cant which pretends that it is the result of conscientious conviction; the pretense of a conscience is quite unbearable." This was the very acridity of bigotry, which in other times and countries raised the cruel tribunal of the Inquisition, and burned opponents for the glory of God. The party madness that dictated these words, and the sympathy that approved them, was treason not alone to the country, but to well-ordered human society. Murder may destroy great statesmen, but corruption makes great States impossible; and this was an attempt at the most insidious corruption. The man who attempts to terrify a Senator of the United States to cast a dishonest vote, by stigmatizing him as a hypocrite and devoting him to party hatred, is only a more plausible rascal than his opponent who gives Pat O'Flanagan a fraudulent naturalization paper or buys his vote with a dollar or a glass of whisky. Whatever the offenses of the President may have been, they were as nothing when compared with the party spirit which declared that it was tired of the intolerable cant of honesty. So the sneering cavalier was tired of the cant of the Puritan conscience; but the conscience of which plumed Injustice and coroneted Privilege were tired has been for three centuries the invincible bodyguard of civil and religious liberty.

Gentlemen, how dire a calamity the same party spirit was preparing for the country within a few months, we can now perceive with amazement and with hearty thanksgiving for a great deliverance. The ordeal of last winter was the severest strain ever yet applied to republican institutions. It was a mortal strain along the very fiber of our

system. It was not a collision of sections, nor a conflict of principles of civilization. It was a supreme and triumphant test of American patriotism. Greater than the declaration of independence by colonies hopelessly alienated from the crown and already in arms; greater than emancipation, as a military expedient, amid the throes of civil war, was the peaceful and reasonable consent of two vast parties—in a crisis plainly foreseen and criminally neglected—a crisis in which each party asserted its solution to be indisputable—to devise a lawful settlement of the tremendous contest, a settlement which, through furious storms of disappointment and rage, has been religiously respected. We are told that our politics are mean—that already, in its hundredth year, the decadence of the American republic appears and the hope of the world is clouded. But tell me, scholars, in what high hour of Greece, when, as De Witt Clinton declared, “the herb-woman could criticize the phraseology of Demosthenes, and the meanest artizan could pronounce judgment on the work of Appelles and Phidias,” or at what proud epoch of imperial Rome or millennial moment of the fierce Italian republics, was ever so momentous a party difference so wisely, so peacefully, so humanely, composed? Had the sophistry of party prevailed, had each side resolved that not to insist upon its own claim at every hazard was what the mad party spirit of each side declared it to be, a pusillanimous surrender; had the spirit of Marius mastered one party and that of Sylla the other, this waving valley of the Mohawk would not to-day murmur with the music of industry, and these tranquil voices of scholars blending with its happy harvest song; it would have smoked and roared with fraternal war, and this shuddering river would have run red through desolated meadows and by burning homes.

It is because these consequences are familiar to the knowledge of educated and thoughtful men that such men are constantly to assuage this party fire and to take care that party is always subordinated to patriotism. Perfect party discipline is the most dangerous weapon of party spirit, for it is the abdication of the individual judgment; it is the

application to political parties of the Jesuit principle of implicit obedience.

It is for you to help break this withering spell. It is for you to assert the independence and the dignity of the individual citizen, and to prove that party was made for the voter, not the voter for party. When you are angrily told that if you erect your personal whim against the regular party behest, you make representative government impossible by refusing to accept its conditions, hold fast by your own conscience and let the party go. There is not an American merchant who would send a ship to sea under the command of Captain Kidd, however skillful a sailor he might be. Why should he vote to send Captain Kidd to the legislature, or to put him in command of the ship of state, because his party directs? The party which to-day nominates Captain Kidd, will to-morrow nominate Judas Iscariot; and to-morrow, as to-day, party spirit will spurn you as a traitor for refusing to sell your master. "I tell you," said an ardent and well-meaning partizan, speaking of a closely contested election in another State, "I tell you it is a nasty State, and I hope we have done nasty work enough to carry it." But if your State has been carried by nasty means this year, success will require nastier next year, and the nastiest means will always carry it. The party may win, but the State will have been lost, for there are successes which are failures. When a man is sitting upon the bough of a tree and diligently sawing it off between himself and the trunk, he may succeed, but his success will break his neck.

The remedy for the constant excess of party spirit lies, and lies alone, in the courageous independence of the individual citizen. The only way, for instance, to procure the party nomination of good men, is for every self-respecting voter to refuse to vote for bad men. In the medieval theology the devils feared nothing so much as the drop of holy water and the sign of the cross, by which they were exorcised. The evil spirits of party fear nothing so much as bolting and scratching. *In hoc signo vinces.* If a farmer would reap a good crop, he scratches the weeds

out of his field. If we would have good men upon the ticket, we must scratch bad men off. If the scratching breaks down the party, let it break; for the success of the party by such means would break down the country. The evil spirits must be taught by means that they can understand. "Them fellers"—said the captain of a canal boat, of his men—"them fellers never think you mean a thing until you kick 'em. They feel that, and understand."

It is especially necessary for us to perceive the vital relation of individual courage and character to the common welfare, because ours is a government of public opinion, and public opinion is but the aggregate of individual thought. We have the awful responsibility as a community of doing what we choose; and it is of the first importance that we choose to do what is wise and right. In the early days of the anti-slavery agitation a meeting was called at Faneuil Hall, in Boston, which a good-natured mob of soldiers was hired to suppress. They took possession of the floor and danced breakdowns, and shouted choruses, and refused to hear any of the orators upon the platform. The most eloquent pleaded with them in vain. They were urged by the memories of the Cradle of Liberty, for the honor of Massachusetts, for their own honor as Boston boys, to respect liberty of speech. But they still laughed and sang, and danced, and were proof against every appeal. At last a man suddenly arose from among themselves, and began to speak. Struck by his tone and quaint appearance, and with the thought that he might be one of themselves, the mob became suddenly still. "Well, fellow citizens," he said, "I wouldn't be quiet if I didn't want to." The words were greeted with a roar of delight from the mob, which supposed it had found its champion, and the applause was unceasing for five minutes, during which the strange orator tranquilly awaited his chance to continue. The wish to hear more hushed the tumult, and when the hall was still, he resumed: "No, I certainly wouldn't stop if I hadn't a mind to; but then, if I were you, I *would* have a mind to!" The oddity of the remark and the earnestness of the tone held the crowd silent, and the speaker con-

tinued, "not because this is Faneuil Hall, nor for the honor of Massachusetts, nor because you are Boston boys, but because you are men, and because honorable and generous men always love fair play." The mob was conquered. Free speech and fair play was secured. Public opinion can do what it has a mind to in this country. If it be debased and demoralized, it is the most odious of tyrants. It is Nero and Caligula multiplied by millions. Can there then be a more stringent public duty for every man—and the greater the intelligence the greater the duty—than to take care, by all the influence he can command, that the country, the majority, public opinion, shall have a mind to do only what is just, and pure, and humane?

Gentlemen, leaving this college to take your part in the discharge of the duties of American citizenship, every sign encourages and inspires. The year that is now ending, the year that opens the second century of our history, has furnished the supreme proof that in a country of rigorous party division the purest patriotism exists. That, and that only, is the pledge of a prosperous future. No mere party fervor, or party fidelity, or party discipline, could fully restore a country torn and distracted by the fierce debate of a century, and the convulsions of civil war; nothing less than a patriotism all-embracing as the summer air could heal a wound so wide. I know—no man better—how hard it is for earnest men to separate their country from their party, or their religion from their sect. But, nevertheless, the welfare of the country is dearer than the mere victory of party, as truth is more precious than the interest of any sect. You will hear this patriotism scorned as an impracticable theory, as the dream of a cloister, as the whim of a fool. But such was the folly of the Spartan Leonidas, staying with his three hundred the Persian horde, and teaching Greece the self-reliance that saved her. Such was the folly of the Swiss Arnold von Winkelried, gathering into his own breast the host of Austrian spears, making his dead body the bridge of victory for his countrymen. Such was the folly of the American Nathan Hale, gladly risking the seeming disgrace of his name, and grieving

that he had but one life to give for his country. Such are the beacon lights of a pure patriotism that burn forever in men's memories and answer each other through the illuminated ages. And of the same grandeur, in less heroic and poetic form, was the patriotism of Sir Robert Peel, in recent history. He was the leader of a great party, and the prime minister of England. The character and necessity of party were as plain to him as to any man. But when he saw that the national welfare demanded the repeal of the corn laws, which he had always supported, he did not quail. Amply avowing the error of a life, and the duty of avowing it—foreseeing the probable overthrow of his party and the bitter execration that must fall upon him, he tranquilly did his duty. With the eyes of England fixed upon him in mingled amazement, admiration, and indignation, he rose in the House of Commons to perform as great a service as any English statesman ever performed for his country, and in closing his last speech in favor of the repeal, describing the consequences that its mere prospect had produced, he loftily exclaimed: "Where there was dissatisfaction, I see contentment; where there was turbulence, I see there is peace; where there was disloyalty, I see there is loyalty. I see a disposition to confide in you, and not to agitate questions that are the foundations of your institutions." When all was over, when he had left office, when his party was out of power, and the fury of party execration against him was spent, his position was greater and nobler than it had ever been. Cobden said of him, "Sir Robert Peel has lost office, but he has gained a country"; and Lord Dalling said of him, what may truly be said of Washington: "Above all parties, himself a party, he had trained his own mind into a disinterested sympathy with the intelligence of his country."

A public spirit so lofty is not confined to other ages and lands. You are conscious of its stirrings in your souls. It calls you to courageous service, and I am here to bid you obey the call. Such patriotism may be yours. Let it be your parting vow that it shall be yours. Bolingbroke

described a patriot king in England; I can imagine a patriot President in America. I can see him, indeed, the choice of a party, and called to administer the Government when sectional jealousy is fiercest and party passion most inflamed. I can imagine him seeing clearly what justice and humanity, the national law and the national welfare, require him to do, and resolved to do it. I can imagine him patiently enduring not only the mad cry of party hate, the taunt of "recreant" and "traitor," of "renegade" and "coward," but what is harder to bear, the amazement, the doubt, the grief, the denunciation, of those as sincerely devoted as he to the common welfare. I can imagine him pushing firmly on, trusting the heart, the intelligence, the conscience of his countrymen, healing angry wounds, correcting misunderstandings, planting justice on surer foundations, and, whether his party rise or fall, lifting his country heavenward to a more perfect union, prosperity, and peace. This is the spirit of a patriotism that girds the commonwealth with the resistless splendor of the moral law—the invulnerable panoply of States, the celestial secret of a great nation and a happy people.

LIBERTY AND UNION*

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union was reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in

*From "The Second Speech on Foot's Resolution," delivered in the Senate, January 26, 1830.

the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influence these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and altho our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this Government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, as it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" Nor those other

words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

FAREWELL ADDRESS*

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

MY FRIENDS:—No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I can not succeed. With that assistance I can not fail. Trusting in him who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To his care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

INCENTIVES TO DUTY

BY CHARLES SUMNER

Go forth into the many mansions of the house of life: scholars! store them with learning; jurists! build them with justice; artists! adorn them with beauty; philanthropists! let them resound with love. Be servants of truth,

*Delivered at Springfield, Illinois, February 11, 1861.

each in his vocation; doers of the word and not hearers only. Be sincere, pure in heart, earnest, enthusiastic. A virtuous enthusiasm is always self-forgetful and noble. It is the only inspiration now vouchsafed to man. Like Pickering, blend humanity with learning. Like Story, ascend above the present, in place and time. Like Allston, regard fame only as the eternal shadow of excellence. Like Channing, bend in adoration before the night. Cultivate alike the wisdom of experience and the wisdom of hope. Mindful of the future, do not neglect the past; awed by the majesty of antiquity, turn not with indifference from the future. True wisdom looks to the ages before us, as well as behind us. Like the Janus of the Capitol, one front thoughtfully regards the past, rich with experience, with memories, with the priceless traditions of virtue; the other is earnestly directed to the All Hail Hereafter, richer still with its transcendent hopes and unfulfilled prophecies.

We stand on the threshold of a new age, which is preparing to recognize new influences. The ancient divinities of violence and wrong are retreating to their kindred darkness.

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing

Into gray;

Men of thought, and men of action,

Clear the way.

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken,

Into play;

Men of thought, and men of action,

Clear the way.

The age of chivalry has gone. An age of humanity has come. The horse, whose importance, more than human, gave the name to that early period of gallantry and war, now yields his foremost place to man. In serving him, in promoting his elevation, in contributing to his welfare, in doing him good, there are fields of bloodless triumph, nobler far than any in which the bravest knight ever conquered. Here are spaces of labor, wide as the world, lofty as heaven. Let me say, then, in the benison once bestowed upon the youthful knight—scholars! jurists! artists! philanthropists! heroes of a Christian age, companions of a celestial knighthood, “Go forth, be brave, loyal, and successful!”

And may it be our office to-day to light a fresh beacon fire on the venerable walls of Harvard, sacred to truth, to Christ, and the church—to truth immortal, to Christ the Comforter, to the Holy Church Universal. Let the flame spread from steeple to steeple, from hill to hill, from island to island, from continent to continent, till the long lineage of fires shall illumine all the nations of the earth, animating them to the holy contests of *knowledge, justice, beauty, love.*

EULOGY ON LAFAYETTE

BY EDWARD EVERETT

There have been those who have denied to Lafayette the name of a great man. What is greatness? Does goodness belong to greatness, and make an essential part of it? If it does, who, I would ask, of all the prominent names in history, has run through such a career with so little reproach, justly or unjustly bestowed? Are military courage and conduct the measure of greatness? Lafayette was entrusted by Washington with all kinds of service—the laborious and complicated, which required skill and patience; the perilous, that demanded nerve; and we see him performing all with entire success and brilliant repu-

tation. Is the readiness to meet vast responsibilities a proof of greatness? The memoirs of Mr. Jefferson show us that there was a moment, in 1789, when Lafayette took upon himself, as the head of the military force, the entire responsibility of laying down the basis of the Revolution. Is the cool and brave administration of gigantic power a mark of greatness? In all the whirlwind of the Revolution, and when, as commander-in-chief of the National Guard, an organized force of three millions of men, who, for any popular purpose, needed but a word, a look, to put them in motion, we behold him ever calm, collected, disinterested; as free from affectation as selfishness, clothed not less with humility than with power. Is the voluntary return, in advancing years, to the direction of affairs, at a moment like that, when, in 1815, the ponderous machinery of the French Empire was flying asunder—stunning, rending, crushing thousands on every side—a mark of greatness? Lastly, is it any proof of greatness to be able, at the age of seventy-three, to take the lead in a successful and bloodless revolution; to change the dynasty; to organize, exercise, and abdicate a military command of three and a half millions of men; to take up, to perform, and lay down the most momentous, delicate, and perilous duties, without passion, without hurry, without selfishness? Is it great to disregard the bribes of title, office, money; to live, to labor, and suffer for great public ends alone; to adhere to principle under all circumstances; to stand before Europe and America conspicuous for sixty years, in the most responsible stations, the acknowledged admiration of all good men?

But it is more than time, fellow citizens, that I commit the memory of this great and good man to your unprompted contemplation. On his arrival among you, ten years ago, when your civil fathers, your military, your children, your whole population, poured itself out, in one throng, to salute him; when your cannons proclaimed his advent with joyous salvos, and your acclamations were answered, from steeple to steeple, by festal bells—with what delight did you not listen to his cordial and affectionate words—

"I beg of you all, beloved citizens of Boston, to accept the respectful and warm thanks of a heart which has for nearly half a century been devoted to your illustrious city!"

That noble heart—to which, if any object on earth was dear, that object was the country of his early choice, of his adoption, and his more than regal triumph—that noble heart will beat no more for your welfare. Cold and still, it is already mingling with the dust. While he lived, you thronged with delight to his presence; you gazed with admiration on his placid features and venerable form, not wholly unshaken by the rude storms of his career; and now that he has departed, you have assembled in this cradle of the liberties for which, with your fathers, he risked his life, to pay the last honors to his memory. You have thrown open these consecrated portals to admit the lengthened train, which has come to discharge the last public offices of respect to his name. You have hung these venerable arches, for the second time since their erection, with the sable badges of sorrow. You have thus associated the memory of Lafayette in those distinguished honors which but a few years since you paid to your Adams and Jefferson.

There is not, throughout the world, a friend of liberty who has not dropt his head when he has heard that Lafayette is no more. Poland, Italy, Greece, Spain, Ireland, the South American republics—every country where man is struggling to recover his birthright—have lost a benefactor, a patron, in Lafayette. And what was it, fellow citizens, which gave to our Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of liberty. What has consecrated his memory in the hearts of good men? The love of liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him, in the morning of his days, with sagacity and counsel? The living love of liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the horror of licentiousness—to the sanctity of plighted faith—to the love of liberty protected by law. Thus the great principle of your Revolutionary fathers, and of your Pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life—*the love of liberty protected by law.*

You have now assembled within these celebrated walls to perform the last duties of respect and love, on the birthday of your benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the place—the temple worthy of the new name which we now behold inscribed on its walls. Listen, Americans, to the lesson which seems borne to us on the very air we breathe, while we perform these dutiful rites! Ye winds, that wafted the Pilgrims to the land of promise, fan, in their children's hearts, the love of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of other days! Glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas! Speak, speak, marble lips; teach us *the love of liberty protected by law.*

MR. JINGLE AND JOB TROTTER TAKE LEAVE

BY CHARLES DICKENS

"Mr. Nupkins," said the elder lady, "this is not a fit conversation for the servants to overhear. Let these wretches be removed."

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Nupkins. "Muzzle!"

"Your worship."

"Open the front door."

"Yes, your worship."

"Leave the house!" said Mr. Nupkins, waving his hand emphatically.

Jingle smiled, and moved toward the door.

"Stay!" said Mr. Pickwick.

Jingle stopt.

"I might," said Mr. Pickwick, "have taken a much greater revenge for the treatment I have experienced at your hands, and that of your hypocritical friend there."

Here Job Trotter bowed with great politeness, and laid his hand upon his heart.

"I say," said Mr. Pickwick, growing gradually angry,

"that I might have taken a greater revenge, but I content myself with exposing you, which I consider a duty I owe to society. This is a leniency, sir, which I hope you will remember."

When Mr. Pickwick arrived at this point, Job Trotter, with facetious gravity, applied his hand to his ear, as if desirous not to lose a syllable he uttered.

"And I have only to add, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, now thoroughly angry, "that I consider you a rascal, and a—ruffian—and—and worse than any man I ever saw, or heard of, except that pious and sanctified vagabond in the mulberry livery."

"Ha! ha!" said Jingle, "good fellow, Pickwick—fine heart—stout old boy—but must *not* be passionate—bad thing, very—bye, bye—see you again some day—keep up your spirits—now, Job—trot!"

With these words, Mr. Jingle stuck on his hat in the old fashion, and strode out of the room. Job Trotter paused, looked round, smiled, and then with a bow of mock solemnity to Mr. Pickwick, and a wink to Mr. Weller, the audacious slyness of which baffles all description, followed the footsteps of his hopeful master.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, as Mr. Weller was following.

"Sir."

"Stay here."

Mr. Weller seemed uncertain.

"Stay here," repeated Mr. Pickwick.

"Mayn't I polish that 'ere Job off, in the front garden?" said Mr. Weller.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Mayn't I kick him out o' the gate, sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Not on any account," replied his master.

For the first time since his engagement, Mr. Weller looked, for a moment, discontented and unhappy. But his countenance immediately cleared up; for the wily Mr. Muzzle, by concealing himself behind the street door, and rushing violently out, at the right instant, contrived with great dexterity to overturn both Mr. Jingle and his atten-

dant, down the flight of steps, into the American aloe tubs that stood beneath.

THE END OF THE STORY

BY EMILY JANE BRONTË

"They are going to the Grange, then?" I said.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dean, "as soon as they are married, and that will be on New Year's day."

"And who will live here then?"

"Why, Joseph will take care of the house, and perhaps a lad to keep him company. They will live in the kitchen, and the rest will be shut up."

"For the use of such ghosts as choose to inhabit it," I observed.

"No, Mr. Lockwood," said Nelly, shaking her head. "I believe the dead are at peace, but it is not right to speak of them with levity."

At that moment the garden gate swung to; the ramblers were returning.

"*They* are afraid of nothing," I grumbled, watching their approach through the window. "Together, they would brave Satan and all his legions."

As they stepped on to the door-stones, and halted to take a last look at the moon—or, more correctly, at each other by her light—I felt irresistibly impelled to escape them again; and, pressing a remembrance into the hand of Mrs. Dean, and disregarding her expostulations at my rudeness, I vanished through the kitchen as they opened the house door: and so should have confirmed Joseph in his opinion of his fellow servants' gay indiscretions, had he not fortunately recognized me for a respectable character by the sweet ring of a sovereign at his feet.

My walk home was lengthened by a diversion in the direction of the kirk. When beneath its walls, I perceived decay had made progress, even in seven months—many a

window showed black gaps deprived of glass; and slates jutted off, here and there, beyond the right line of the roof, to be gradually worked off in coming autumn storms.

I sought, and soon discovered, the three headstones on the slope next the moor—the middle one grey, and half buried in heath; Edgar Linton's only harmonized by the turf and moss creeping up its foot; Heathcliff's still bare.

I lingered round them under that benign sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how any one could ever imagine unquiet slumbers for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

THE PEN AND THE TONGUE

BY REV. H. W. BEECHER.

When St. James says, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body," one is at first surprized. It would seem to place the sum of virtue in a very little thing. But a larger experience of life would change our opinion. The tongue is the exponent of the soul. It is the flame which it issues, as lightning is the tongue of the clouds. It is the sword of anger, the club of brutal rage, the sting of envy. It is the soul's right hand, by which it strikes with wasting power. On the other hand, the tongue is the soul's voice of mercy; the string on which its love vibrates is as music; the pencil with which it fashions its fairest pictures; the almoner of its gifts; the messenger of its bounties!

By speech a man may touch human life within and without. No scepter has such power in a king's hand as the soul hath in a ready tongue; which also has this advantage, that well-uttered words never die, but go sounding on to the end of the world, not lost when seemingly silent,

but rising and falling between the generations of men, ships rise and fall between waves, hidden at times, but not sunken. A fit speech is like a sweet and favorite tune. Once struck out, it may be sung or played forever. It flies from man to man, and makes its nest in the heart as birds do in trees.

This is remarkably exemplified in maxims and proverbs. A generation of men, by their experience, provide some moral truth, and all know it as a matter of consciousness. By and by some happy man puts the truth into words, and ten thousand people say, He got that from me; for a proverb is a child born from ten thousand parents. Afterward the proverb has the liberty of the world. A good proverb wears a crown and defies revolution or dethronement. It walks up and down the earth an invisible knight-errant helping the needy. A man might frame and set loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorial a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed speech to roll through the generations of time.

The tongue may be likened to an organ, which, though but one instrument, has within it an array of different pipes and stops, and discourses in innumerable combinations. If one man sits before it not skilled to control its powers, he shall make it but a monstrous jargon. But when one comes who knows its ways, and has control of its powers, then it becomes a mountain of melody, and another might well think he heard the city of God in the hour of its singing. The tongue is the key-board of the soul; but it makes a world of difference who sits to play upon it. "Therewith bless we God, and therewith curse we men." It is sweeter than honey; it is bitterer than gall. It is balm and consolation; it is sharper than a serpent's tooth. It is a wand that touches with hope and lifts us up; it is a mace that beats us down, and leaves us wounded upon the ground. One trumpet, but how different the blasts blown upon it, by love, by joy, by humility, or by hatred, pride, anger!

A heart that is full of goodness, that loves and pities,

that yearns to invest the richest of its mercy in the souls of those that need it—how sweet a tongue hath such a heart! A flute sounded in a wood, in the stillness of evening, and rising up among the leaves that are not stirred by the moonlight above, or by those murmuring sounds beneath; a clock, that sighs at half-hours, and at the full hour beats the silver bell so gently, that we know not whence the sound comes, unless it falls through the air from heaven, with sounds as sweet as dewdrops make, falling upon flowers; a bird whom perfumes have intoxicated, sleeping in a blossomed tree, so that it speaks in its sleep with a note so soft that sound and sleep strive together, and neither conquers, but the sound rocks itself upon the bosom of sleep, each charming the other; a brook that brings down the greeting of the mountains to the meadows, and sings a serenade all the way to the faces that watch themselves in its brightness;—these, and a hundred like figures, the imagination brings to liken thereunto the charms of a tongue which love plays upon.

Even its silence is beautiful. Under a green tree we see the stream so clear that nothing is hidden to the bottom. We cast in round, white pebbles to hear them splash, and to see the crystal-eyed fish run in and sail out again. So there are some whose speaking is like the fall of jasper stones upon the silent river, and whose stillness follows speech as silent fish that move like dreams beneath the untroubled water! It was in some such dreaming mood, methinks, Old Solomon spoke, "A wholesome tongue is a tree of life." And what fruit grows thereon he explains when he afterward says, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver,"—beautiful whether seen through the silver network of the sides, or looked upon from above, resting their orbéd ripeness upon the fretted edge of the silver bed.

GENIUS AND COMMON SENSE

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

We hear it maintained by people of more gravity than understanding, that genius and taste are strictly reducible to rules, and that there is a rule for everything. So far is it from being true that the finest breath of fancy is a definable thing, that the plainest common sense is only what Mr. Locke would have called a mixed mode, subject to a particular sort of acquired and undefinable tact. It is asked, "If you do not know the rule by which a thing is done, how can you be sure of doing it a second time?" And the answer is, "If you do not know the muscles by the help of which you walk, how is it you do not fall down at every step you take?" In art, in taste, in life, in speech, you decide from feeling, and not from reason; that is, from the impression of a number of things on the mind, which impression is true and well-founded, tho you may not be able to analyze or account for it in the several particulars. In a gesture you use, in a look you see, in a tone you hear, you judge of the expression, propriety, and meaning from habit, not from reason or rules; that is to say, from innumerable instances of like gestures, looks, and tones, in innumerable other circumstances, variously modified, which are too many and too refined to be all distinctly recollected, but which do not therefore operate the less powerfully upon the mind and eye of taste. Shall we say that these impressions (the immediate stamp of nature) do not operate in a given manner till they are classified and reduced to rules, or is not the rule itself grounded upon the truth and certainty of that natural operation? How, then, can the distinction of the understanding as to the manner in which they operate be necessary to their producing their due and uniform effect upon the mind? If certain effects did not regularly arise out of certain causes in mind as well as matter, there could be no rule given for them; nature does

not follow the rule, but suggests it. Reason is the interpreter and critic of nature and genius, not their law-giver and judge. He must be a poor creature indeed whose practical convictions do not in almost all cases outrun his deliberate understanding, or who does not feel and know much more than he can give a reason for. Hence the distinction between eloquence and wisdom, between ingenuity and common sense. A man may be dextrous and able in explaining grounds of opinions, and yet may be a mere sophist, because he only sees one-half of a subject. Another may feel the whole weight of a question, nothing relating to it may be lost upon him, and yet he may be able to give no account of the manner in which it affects him, or to drag his reasons from their silent lurking-places. This last will be a wise man, tho neither a logician nor rhetorician. Goldsmith was a fool to Dr. Johnson in argument; that is, in assigning the specific grounds of his opinions; Dr. Johnson was a fool to Goldsmith in the fine tact, the airy, intuitive faculty with which he skimmed the surfaces of things, and unconsciously formed his opinions. Common sense is the just result of the sum-total of such unconscious impressions in the ordinary occurrences of life, as they are treasured up in the memory, and called out by the occasion. Genius and taste depend much upon the same principle exercised on loftier ground and in more unusual combinations.

ON CONVERSATION

BY WILLIAM COWPER

Servata semper lege et ratione loquendi.—HORACE.

Your talk to decency and reason suit,

Nor prate like fools or gabble like a brute.

In the comedy of the "Frenchman in London," which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together there is a character of a rough Eng-

lishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialog consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of "How do you do?" Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops as soon as he is down; but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarm. Yet it must be acknowledged that as the English consist of very different humors, their manner of discourse admits of great variety; but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a marquis and a *valet-de-chambre*. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Tuileries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behavior as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion; there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialog of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet, but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honors; and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavors to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens that those who most aim at shining in conversation, overshoot their mark. Tho a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking to-

gether. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a football. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company, and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture; they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sais-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance, tho they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the Profest Speakers. And first, the Emphatical, who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression; they dwell on the important particulars *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunction *and*, which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to

cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet; tho I must confess that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low-speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a foul breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to speak at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The Wits who will not condescend to utter anything but a *bon-mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the Bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tattlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-Swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into "gad's but," "ad's fish," and "demme," the Gothic Humbuggers, and those who nickname God's creatures, and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable skin, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars, with this and that and t'other; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the

precept of the Gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea, and nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by the conversation is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should, therefore, endeavor to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding; we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (tho without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, etc., have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native woodnotes as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once; Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to Hogs; Snarlers are Curs that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the Spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech-Owls; and Story-Tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying are no better than Asses. Critics in general are venomous Serpents that delight in hissing, and some of them who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning are no other than Magpies. I, myself, who have crowed to the

whole town for near three years past, may perhaps, put my readers in mind of a Barnyard Cock; but as I must acquaint them that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

BY CHARLES DICKENS

The kettle began it! Don't tell me what Mrs. Perrybingle said. I know better. Mrs. Perrybingle may leave it on record to the end of time that she couldn't say which of them began it; but I say the kettle did. I ought to know, I hope! The kettle began it, full five minutes by the little waxy-faced Dutch clock in the corner, before the cricket uttered a chirp.

As if the clock hadn't finished striking, and the convulsive little haymaker at the top of it, jerking away right and left with a scythe in front of a Moorish palace, hadn't mowed down half an acre of imaginary grass before the cricket joined it at all!

Why, I am not naturally positive. Every one knows that. I wouldn't set my own opinion against the opinion of Mrs. Perrybingle, unless I were quite sure, on any account whatever. Nothing should induce me, but this is a question of fact. And the fact is, that the kettle began it, at least five minutes before the cricket gave any sign of being in existence. Contradict me, and I'll say ten.

Let me narrate exactly how it happened. I should have proceeded to do so in my very first word, but for this plain consideration—if I am to tell a story, I must begin at the beginning; and how is it possible to begin at the beginning without beginning at the kettle?

It appeared as if there were a sort of match, or trial of skill, you must understand, between the kettle and the

cricket. And this is what led to it, and how it came about.

The kettle was aggravating and obstinate. It wouldn't allow itself to be adjusted on the top bar; it wouldn't hear of accommodating itself kindly to the knobs of coal; it *would* lean forward with a drunken air, and dribble, a very idiot of a kettle, on the hearth. It was quarrelsome, and hissed and spluttered morosely at the fire. To sum up all, the lid, resisting Mrs. Perrybingle's fingers, first of all, turned topsy-turvy, and then, with an ingenious pertinacity deserving of a better cause, dived sideways in—down to the very bottom of the kettle. And the hull of the *Royal George* has never made half the monstrous resistance to coming out of the water, which the lid of that kettle employed against Mrs. Perrybingle before she got it up again.

It looked sullen and pig-headed enough, even then; carrying its handle with an air of defiance, and cocking its spout pertly and mockingly at Mrs. Perrybingle, as if it said: "I won't boil. Nothing shall induce me!"

But Mrs. Perrybingle, with restored good-humor, dusted her chubby little hands against each other, and sat down before the kettle, laughing. Meantime the jolly blaze up-rose and fell, flashing and gleaming on the little haymaker at the top of the Dutch clock, until one might have thought he stood still before the Moorish palace, and nothing was in motion but the flame.

He was on the move, however; and had his spasms, two to the second, all right and regular. But his sufferings when the clock was going to strike were frightful to behold; and, when a cuckoo looked out of a trap-door in the palace, and gave note six times, it shook him, each time, like a spectral voice—or like a something wiry, plucking at his legs.

Now it was, you observe, that the kettle began to spend the evening. Now it was that the kettle growing mellow and musical, began to have irrepressible gurgles in its throat, and to indulge in short vocal snorts, which it checked in the bud, as if it hadn't quite made up its mind

yet to be good company. Now it was, that after two or three such vain attempts to stifle its convivial sentiments, it threw off all moroseness, all reserve, and burst into a stream of song so cozy and hilarious as never maudlin nightingale yet formed the least idea of.

So plain, too! Bless you, you might have understood it like a book. With its warm breath gushing forth in a light cloud, which merrily and gracefully ascended a few feet, then hung about the chimney-corner as its own domestic heaven, it trolled its song with that strong energy of cheerfulness that its iron body hummed and stirred upon the fire.

That this song of the kettle's was a song of invitation and welcome to somebody out-of-doors—to somebody at that moment coming on toward the snug, small home and the crisp fire—there is no doubt whatever. Mrs. Perrybingle knew it perfectly as she sat musing before the hearth. It's a dark night, sang the kettle, and the rotten leaves are lying by the way; and above, all is mist and darkness; and below, all is mire and clay; and there's only one relief in all the sad and murky air; and I don't know that it is one, for it's nothing but a glare of deep and angry crimson, where the sun and wind together set a brand upon the clouds for being guilty of such weather; and the widest open country is a long dull streak of black; and there's hoar-frost on the finger-post, and thaw upon the track; and the ice it isn't water, and the water isn't free; and you couldn't say that anything is what it ought to be; but he is coming, coming, coming!—

And here, if you like, the cricket did chime in with a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup of such magnitude, by way of chorus, with a voice so astoundingly disproportionate to its size, as compared with the kettle (size! you couldn't see it!), that if it had then and there burst itself like an overcharged gun, if it had fallen a victim on the spot and chirruped its little body into fifty pieces, it would have seemed a natural and inevitable consequence, for which it had expressly labored.

The little kettle had had the last of its solo perform-

ance. It persevered with undiminished ardor; but the cricket took first fiddle, and kept it. Good heaven, how it chirped! Its shrill, sharp, piercing voice resounded through the house, and seemed to twinkle in the outer darkness like a star. Yet they went very well together, the cricket and the kettle. The burden of the song was still the same; and louder, louder, louder still, they sang it in their emulation.

The fair little listener lighted a candle, glanced at the haymaker on the top of the clock, who was getting in a pretty average crop of minutes; and looked out of the window, where she saw nothing, owing to the darkness, but her own face imaged in the glass. And my opinion is (and so would yours have been), that she might have looked a long way, and seen nothing half so agreeable. When she came back and sat down in her former seat, the cricket and the kettle were still keeping it up with a perfect fury of competition. The kettle's weak side clearly being, that he didn't know when he was beat.

There was all the excitement of the race about it. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket a mile ahead. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket round the corner. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle sticking to him in his own way; no idea of giving in. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket fresher than ever. Hum, hum, hum-m-m! kettle slow and steady. Chirp, chirp, chirp! cricket going to finish him. Hum, hum, hum-m-m; kettle not to be finished. Until at last they got so jumbled together, in the hurry-skurry, helter-skelter, of the match, that whether the kettle chirped and the cricket hummed, or the cricket chirped and the kettle hummed, or they both chirped and both hummed, it would have taken a clearer head than yours or mine to have decided with anything like certainty. But, of this there is no doubt; that the kettle and the cricket, at one and the same moment, and by some power of amalgamation best known to themselves, sent, each, his fireside song of comfort streaming into a ray of the candle that shone out through the window, and a long way down the lane.

And this light, bursting on a certain person who approached it through the gloom, exprest the whole thing to him, literally in a twinkling, and cried, "Welcome home, old fellow! Welcome home, my boy!"

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

"And for our tong, that still is so empayred
By traveling linguists,—I can prove it clear
That no tong has the muses' utterance heyred
For verse, and that sweete music to the ear
Strook out of Rhyme so naturally as this."—CHAPMAN.

Give me, of every language, first my vigorous English
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines—
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household
employment—
Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of man.

Not from one metal alone the perfected mirror is shapen,
Not from one color is built the rainbow's aerial bridge;
Instruments blending together yield the divinest of music;
Out of a myriad flowers sweetest of honey is drawn.

So unto thy close strength is welded and beaten together;
Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the South;
So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents born in the
mountains
Rush, and the rivers pour brimming with sun from the
plains.

Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the downright blow
of the Saxon,
Thou the majestic march and the stately pomp of the
Latin,
Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmical roll of the
Greek;
Thine is the elegant suavity caught from sonorous Italian,
Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of the
Norman—
Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural strength.

Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by opening
vowels,
Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air;
Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils of
fancy,
Where in the early morn warbled our earliest birds;
Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love whispers in
at thy lattice,
While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering sword.

Not by corruption rotted nor slowly by ages degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from our
words;
Virgin and clean is their edge, like granite blocks chiseled
by Egypt;
Just as when Shakespeare and Milton laid them in glorious
verse.
Fitted for every use like a great majestic river,
Blending thy various streams, stately thou flowest along,
Bearing the white-winged ship of Poesy over thy bosom,
Laden with spices that come out of the tropical isles,
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and fluttering
pennons,
Logic's frigates of war and the toil-worn barges of
trade.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker
When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he translates;
Caught on the words sharp angles flash the bright hues of
his fancy—

Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horseman
his steed.

Now, clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to hail-
stones,

Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a shower—

Now in a two-fold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Trochee,

Unbroke, firmset, advance, retreat, trampling along—

Now with a sprightlier springiness bounding in triplicate
syllables,

Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on,

Now their voluminous coil intertangling like huge
anacondas,

Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

Flexile and free in thy gait and simple in all thy con-
struction.

Yielding to every turn thou bearest thy rider along;

Now like our hackney or draft-horse serving our commonest
uses,

Now bearing grandly the Poet Pegasus-like to the sky.

Thou art not prisoned in fixt rules, thou art no slave to a
grammar,

Thou art an eagle uncaged scorning the perch and the
chain;

Hadst thou been fettered and formalized, thou hadst been
tamer and weaker.

How could the poor slave walk with thy grand freedom of
gait?

Let then grammarians rail and let foreigners sigh for thy
signposts,

Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magnificent
growth.

Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason defiant;
I in thy wildness a grand freedom of character find.
So with irregular outline tower up the sky-piercing mountains
Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous steeps,
Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable, meadows and slopes of
green smoothness,
Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their peaks in
the clouds.
Therefore it is that I praise thee and never can cease from
rejoicing,
Thinking that good stout English is mine and my ancestors' tongue;
Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation—
I will not covert the full roll of the glorious Greek,—
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and stately,
French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and
harsh—
Not while our organ can speak with its many and wonderful voices—
Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud trumpet of
war,
Sing with the high sesquialtro, or drawing its full diapason
Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals and
stops.

BE STRONG*

BY MALTBIE D. BABCOCK

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.
Be strong! Be strong!

*From "Thoughts for Every-Day Living"; copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day, how long;
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

SAID THE ROSE*

BY GEORGE HENRY MILES

I am weary of the garden,
Said the Rose;
For the Winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates 'round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
'Neath the snows.

But I hear my Mistress coming,
Said the Rose;
She will take me to her chamber,
Where the honeysuckles clamber,
And I'll bloom there all December
'Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily finger
Than the bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing I was twisted
Off my tree.

*Reprinted by permission of Mr. Frederick H. Miles and Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

And she fixt me in her bosom
Like a star:
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmin, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning
That they are.

And when evening came she set me
In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal
Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers
Like a light;
And, I said, instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my Mistress sleeping
Every night.

But when morning with its sunbeams
Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair I saw how jaded,
Old, and colorless and faded,
I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was on me,
Never one;
From my leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken-hearted
In the sun.

Still I said, her smile is better
Than the rain:
Tho my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me,
And with crimson kisses make me,
Young again.

So she took me—gazed a second—
Half a sigh—
Then, alas, can hearts so harden!
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden,
There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried
In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the cheering jasmins bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me
Like a pall.

There I lay beneath her window
In a swoon,
Till the earthworm o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight's falling,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring
In their lair;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy
Just to take
From my heart of hearts, or near it,
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
For my sake.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA*

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Speak and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they
near?

Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we
hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle
rolls;

Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their
souls!"

Who is losing? who is winning?—"Over hill and over
plain,

I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain
rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look once
more:

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot
and horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course."

*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the
works of John Greenleaf Whittier.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled
away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of
gray.
Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of
Minon wheels;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at
their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now ad-
vance!
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charging
lance!
Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot to-
gether fall;
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the
Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and fright-
ful on:
Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost and who
has won?
"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters, for them
all!"

"Lo! the wind, the smoke is lifting: Blest Mother save my
brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of
slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and
strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before
our eyes!"

"Oh, my heart's love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor
head on my knee;
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear
me! canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! Oh, my Bernal, look
once more

On the blest cross before thee! mercy! mercy! all is o'er!"

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down
to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses
said;

To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a sold-
ier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his
life away;

But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,

She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her
head;

With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,

And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, prest her hand and
faintly smiled:

Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside
her child?

All his stranger words, with meaning her woman's heart
supplied;

With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured
he, and died!

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in
the North!"

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with
her dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds
which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Like a cloud before the
wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded
strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! Oh, thou Christ of God,
forgive!"

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray
shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled,
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew
cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint
and lacking food;
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foeman blest them in a strange and North-
ern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air!

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

All at once,
Rounding a corner, we were hailed in French
With cries for help. At double-quick we join
Our hard-prest comrades. They were grenadiers,
A gallant company, but beaten back
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square,
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks.

Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished
Our men went down before them. By platoons
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul
Being in us than in executioners.

There in the background solemnly the church
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,
Turned to the altar, as tho unconcerned
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,
That, as I speak, it comes before me now,—
The convent built in old time by the Moors;
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the sun
Making the red blood on the pavement steam;
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;
And there the altar brilliant as a shrine;
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,
Almost afraid.

“Shoot him!” our captain cried.
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt
Heard; but, as tho he heard not, turning round,
He faced us with the elevated Host,
Having that period of the service reached
When on the faithful benediction falls.
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air
With it described the cross, each man of us
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling
Than if before him the devout were ranged.
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice.

The words came to us—

Vos benedicat

Deus Omnipotens!

The captain's order

Rang out again and sharply: "Shoot him down!"

The priest changed color, tho with stedfast look

Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

Pater et Filius!

Came the words. What frenzy,

What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks

Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.

The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,

Held himself up; and strenuous to complete

His benediction, in the other raised

The consecrated Host. For the third time

Tracing in the air the symbol of forgiveness,

With eyes closed, and intones exceeding low,

But in the general hush distinctly heard,

Et Sanctus Spiritus!

He said; and ending

His service, fell down dead.

The golden pyx

Rolled bounding on the floor, and there we stood,

Even old troopers with our muskets grounded,

And choking horror in our hearts, at sight

Of such a martyr passed away to light.

A PICTURE

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh

Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,

Were discord to the speaking quietude

That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault.

Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which love has spread
Above the sleeping world. Yon gentle hills
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend,
So stainless, that their white and glittering spires
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of peace; all form a scene
Where musing solitude might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where silence undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still! The orb of day,
In southern climes, o'er ocean's waveless field
Sinks sweetly smiling: not the faintest breath
Steals o'er the unruffled deep; the clouds of eve
Reflect unmoved the lingering beam of day;
And vesper's image on the western main
Is beautifully still. To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud, in dark and deepening mass,
Roll o'er the blackened waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully;
Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend,
With all his winds and lightnings, tracks his prey;
The torn deep yawns—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged gulf.

Ah! whence you glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and the pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar,
Frequent and frightful, of the bursting bomb;

The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage!—Loud and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health—of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there—
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawns on the mournful scene; the sulphurous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood,
Even to the forest's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors; far behind
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen—
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

A HEALTH

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, all the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

"Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words:
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

"Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrantcy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years!

"Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears.
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's but hers.

"I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name."

**"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM
GHENT TO AIX"**

BY ROBERT BROWNING

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I gallop'd, Direk gallop'd, we gallop'd all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echo'd the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we gallop'd abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turn'd in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shorten'd each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chain'd slacker the bit,
Nor gallop'd less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawn'd clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leap'd of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other prick'd out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groan'd; and cried Joris "Stay spur!
Your Roos gallop'd bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretch'd neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shudder'd and sank.

THE EMPHATIC TALKER

BY WILLIAM COWPER

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbor's phiz,
Touched with the magnet, had attracted his.
His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a windgun's airy charge—
An extract of his diary,—no more,—
A tasteless journey of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stopt home again,
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk.
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
"Adieu, dear sir! lest you should lose it now."

SIEGE OF CORINTH

BY LORD BYRON

The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The morning from her mantle gray,
And the noon will look on a sultry day.
Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners that flit as they're born;
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, "They come! they come!"
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein,
Curved is each neck and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit;
The spears are uplifted, the matches are lit,
The cannon are pointed and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before.
Forms in his phalanx each janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare—
So is the blade of his scimitar.
The khan and the pashas are all at their post;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
As the wolves, that headlong go
On the stately buffalo;
Tho with fiery eyes and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die.

Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent;
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,
Shiver'd by the shot that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more:
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levell'd plain;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

As the spring-tides, with heavy splash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renew'd
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heap'd by the host of the infidel,
Hand to hand, and foot to foot.
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter or for victory.
"O God! when died she?" "Yesternight—
Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:
None of my pure race shall be
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—
Come on!" That challenge is in vain—
Alp's already with the slain!

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone
Contained the dead of ages gone;
Their names were on the graven floor
But now illegible with gore;

The carved crests, and curious hues,
The varied marble's vein diffuse,
Were smeared and slippery—stain'd, and strown
With broken swords, and helms o'erthrown.
There were dead above, and the dead below
Lay cold in many a coffin'd row;
You might see them piled in sable state,
By a pale light through a gloomy grate;
But War had enter'd their dark caves,
And stored along the vaulted graves
Her sulfurous treasures, thickly spread
In masses by the fleshless dead.
Here, throughout the siege, had been
The Christian's chiefest magazine;
To these a late-form'd train now led,
Minotti's last and stern resource
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain;
For lack of further lives, to slake
The thirst of vengeance now awake,
With barbarous blows they gash the dead,
And lop the already lifeless head,
And fell the statues from their niche,
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich.
And from each other's rude hands wrest
The silver vessels saints had blest.
To the high altar on they go—
Oh, but it made a glorious show!
On its table still behold
The cup of consecrated gold;
Massy and deep, a glittering prize,
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes.
That morn it held the holy wine,
Converted by Christ to his blood so divine,
Which His worshipers drank at the break of day,
To shrive their souls 'ere they join'd in the fray.

Still a few drops within it lay ;
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast—
A spoil—the richest, and the last.
So near they came, the nearest stretch'd
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,
When old Minotti's hand
Touch'd with the torch the train—
'Tis fired !
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban'd victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,
In one wild roar expired !
All the living things that heard
That deadly earth-shock disappear'd.
The wild birds flew ; the wild dogs fled,
And howling left the unburied dead ;
The camels from their keepers broke ;
The distant steer forsook the yoke—
The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,
And burst his girth and tore his rein ;
The bullfrog's note from out the marsh,
Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh ;
The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill
Where echo roll'd in thunder still ;
The jackals' troop, in gather'd cry,
Bay'd from afar complainingly,
With a mixed and mournful sound,
Like crying babe and beaten hound ;
With sudden wing and ruffled breast
The eagle left his rocky nest,
And mounted nearer to the sun,
The clouds beneath him seemed so dun ;
Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,
And made him higher soar and shriek—
Thus was Corinth lost and won !

THE WIND AND THE MOON*

BY GEORGE MACDONALD

Said the wind to the moon,
 "I'll blow you out.
 You stare in the air
 Like a ghost in the chair,
Always looking what I'm about,
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The wind blew hard, and out went the moon.
 So deep
 On a heap
 Of cloudless sleep
The wind lay down, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that moon!"

He turned in his bed; she was there again,
 On high
 In the sky,
 With her ghost eye.
The moon shone white, and alive and plain.
Said the wind, "I'll blow you out again."

The wind blew hard, and the moon grew dim.
 "With my sledge
 And my wedge
 I have knocked off her edge;
If only I blow right fierce and grim
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

*By permission of Chatto & Windus, publishers of Dr. George MacDonald's Poetical Works.

He blew, and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

“One puff

More’s enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glum will go the thread!”

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain, the moon was gone!

The wind he took to his revels again:

On down,

In town,

Like a merry, mad clown,

He leapt and halloed with whistle and roar.

“What’s that?” The glimmering moon once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and he blew.

But in vain

Was the pain

Of his bursting brain,

For broader yet the moon-scrap grew,

The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,

And shone

On the throne

In the sky, alone,

A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,

Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the wind: "What a marvel of strength am I!
 With my breath,
 Good faith!
 I blew her to death;
First blew her away, right out of the sky;
Then blew her in—what strength have I!"

But the moon knew nothing about the affair;
 For high
 In the sky,
 With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great wind blare.

LIFE AND DEATH

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

"What is Life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
 Where the strongest lance may fail,
 Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
 And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
 And rest not day or night,
And the feeble little ones must stand
 In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
 When the strife and the toil are o'er;
 The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
 Says we need fight no more;
Who, driving away the demon band,
 Bids the din of the battle cease;
Takes banner and spear from our falling hand,
 And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble, and fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"

"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the battlefield of life.
My child, tho thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN*

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple drest,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frost and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

*"Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works. by permission of D. Appleton & Company."

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

OUR HEROES

BY PHOEBE CARY

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers—
A cheer for the boy who says, "No."

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be stedfast, my boy, when you're tempted;
And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right!" be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

BY LORD BYRON

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swell'd convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was wo
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow;
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear;
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;

I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him. I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived, I only drew
The accurst breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill ;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
I had no earthly hope but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness, too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist,
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
It was not night, it was not day ;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness without a place ;

There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime,
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprize,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more,
It seem'd like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!

Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
For he would never thus had flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,
Lone as the corpse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud—
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

BY JEAN INGELOW

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
“Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best,” quoth he.
“Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe ‘The Brides of Enderby.’”

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all—
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall.
And there was naught of strange beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Whitefoot; come uppe, Lightfoot;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
When I begin to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the countryside
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I hearde afarre,
And my son's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came down that kindly message free,
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!"

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding down with might and main.
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing up the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death.
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long,
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped,
It swept with thund'rous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward prest
Shook all her trembling banks amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then banks came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet.
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath :
“Oh come in life, or come in death !
Oh lost ! my love, Elizabeth !”

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To many more than myne and mee ;
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

THE SEA

BY BARRY CORNWALL

The sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And the silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever it comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed,—and gazed,—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

SANDALPHON*

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvelous story,
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below:—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
 Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
 Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a fantom, a show
 Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;
Yet the old medieval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE

BY OPHELIA G. BROWNING

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded
 In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope declining,
 And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the father has not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Tho when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So anxious was your heart to have it done;
If years have passed since then, do not despair,
For God will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? But you are not unheeded;
The promises of God forever stand;
To Him our days and years alike are equal.
"Have faith in God!" It is your Lord's command.
Hold on to Jacob's and your prayer
Shall bring a blessing down, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say unanswered;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began, when first your prayer was uttered.
And God shall finish what he has begun.
Keep incense burning at the shrine of prayer,
And glory shall descend, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith can not be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock.
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."

MIRIAM'S SONG

BY THOMAS MOORE

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free.
Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—

How vain was their boast; for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—his people are free!

THE UNCERTAIN MAN

BY WILLIAM COWPER

Dubius is such a scrupulous good man—
Yes, you may catch him tripping—if you can.
He would not with a peremptory tone
Assert the nose upon his face his own:
With hesitation admirably slow,
He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
His evidence, if he were called by law
To swear to some enormity he saw,
For want of prominence and just relief,
Would hang an honest man and save a thief.
Through constant dread of giving truth offense.
He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
Knows what he knows as if he knew it not;
What he remembers seems to have forgot;
His sole opinion, whatsoe'er befall,
Centering at last having none at all.

RIDING ON THE RAIL

BY J. G. SAXE

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

Men of different stations in the eye of Fame,
Here are very quickly coming to the same;
High and lowly people, birds of every feather,
On a common level, traveling together!

Gentlemen in shorts, blooming very tall;
Gentlemen at large, talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights, with a loosish mien;
Gentlemen in gray, looking very green!

Gentlemen quite old, asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black, with a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret, sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed, dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right looking very sunny,
Obviously reading something very funny.
Now the smiles are thicker—wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knickerbocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left, closing up his peepers;
Now he snores again, like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid from "association!"

Ancient maiden lady anxiously remarks
That there must be peril 'mong so many sparks;
Roguish-looking fellow, turning to the stranger,
Says 'tis his opinion *she* is out of danger!

Woman with her baby, sitting *vis a vis*;
Baby keeps a-squalling, woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance—says 't is tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars are so very shocking!

Market woman, careful of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs, tightly holds her baskets;
Feeling that a smash, if it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot rather prematurely.

Singing through the forests, rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches, rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains, buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant, riding on the rail!

MESSIAH

BY ALEXANDER POPE

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
Swiftly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born.
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring;
See lofty Lebanon his head advance;
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! A God, a God, appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and ye valleys, rise!
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Savior comes! by ancient bards foretold.
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plowshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thrifty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn!
To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green luster of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabaeen springs!

For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display;
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixt his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

DROP A PEBBLE IN THE WATER

ANONYMOUS

Drop a pebble in the water. Just a splash, and it is gone;
But there are half a hundred ripples curling on, and on,
and on;
Spreading, spreading, spreading from the center flowing
on out to the sea;
But there's not a way of telling where the end is going to
be.

Drop an unkind word or careless, in a minute it is gone;
But there are half a hundred ripples circling on, and on,
and on.
They are spreading, spreading, spreading from the center
as they go.
And there's not a way to stop them once you've started
them to flow.

Drop an unkind word or careless, in a minute you forget:
But there are little waves a-flowing, and there are ripples
 circling yet,
And perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears
 you've stirred.
And disturbed a life that's happy when you dropt that
 unkind word.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness. Just a flash and it is
 gone:
But there are half a hundred ripples circling on, and on,
 and on.
Bearing hope and joy and comfort on each splashing, dash-
 ing wave.
Till you'd not believe the volume of the one kind word you
 gave.

Drop a word of cheer and kindness, in a minute you for-
 get.
But there's gladness still a-swelling and there's joy a-cir-
 cling yet.
And you've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music
 can be heard
Over miles and miles of water, just by dropping a kind
 word.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE

BY ALICE CARY

O, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Aye! Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be over-bright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light,
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Always and always, night and morn,
Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
Lying between them, not quite seer,
And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom;
When the wind can hardly find breathing room
Under their tassels,—cattle near,
Biting shorter the short green grass,
And a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
With bluebirds twittering all around,—
Ah, good painter, you can't paint sound!

These and the little house where I was born.
Low and little and black and old,
With children, many as it can hold,
All at the windows, open wide,—
Heads and shoulders clear outside,
And fair young faces all ablush;
Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
Roses crowding the self-same way,
Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down, you must paint for me:
Oh, if I only could make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother; you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir: one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise;
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship "Commodore,"—
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee.
That beauteous head if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—
Loitering till after the low little light
Of the candle shone through the open door
And, over the haystack's pointed top,
All of a tremble and ready to drop
The first half-hour, the great yellow star
That we, with staring, ignorant eyes,
Had often and often watched to see
Propped and held in its place in the skies
By the fork of a tall mulberry tree,
Which close in the edge of our flax-field grew,—
Dead at the top,—just one branch full
Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
Over our head when we came to play
In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day,

Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other a bird held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat:
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 'twas sole mine, indeed:
But that's no matter,—paint it so;

The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nest-full of eggs,
Not the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
And oh with such injured, reproachful surprize,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as tho
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet—
Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree—
The mother—the lads, with their birds at her knee,
But, oh, that look of reproachful wo!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint me the picture, and leave that out.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS*

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie
dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the
jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the
gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately
sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of
ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November
rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the briar-rose and the orchid died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hill the goldenrod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty
stood;

Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the
plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland,
glade, and glen.

*Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, tho all the trees
are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast
leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of
ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

BY JOHN MILTON

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King
Of wedded maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain.
To welcome Him to His new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:
O, run, prevent them with thy humble ode
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden to throw;
Confounded that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;

She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,

With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around:

The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;

The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light

His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,

Whispering new joys to the mild ocean—
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And tho the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame

The new-enlighten'd world no more should need;

He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axle-tree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep:

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made

But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set

And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!

Once bless our human ears,

If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;

And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song

Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mold;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then

Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

But wisest Fate says, No;
This must not yet be so;

The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both Himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ye chain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smoldering clouds outbrake:
The aged Earth, aghast
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
The old Dragon underground,
In straighter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The Oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo, from his shrine,
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving:
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;

From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn:
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol, all of blackest hue;
In vain, with cymbals' ring,
They call the grizzly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;

In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worship'd ark.

He feels, from Juda's land,
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn:
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge, ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fixt her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd Angels sit in order serviceable.

LUCY

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown:
This child I to myself will take:
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mold the maiden's form,
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

“And vital feelings of delight,
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live,
Here in this happy dell.”

Thus Nature spake. The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON

BY ROBERT BURNS

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills;
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;
There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The worthy Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fixt his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They can not see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it had died away.

On deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers' roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I can not tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell!"

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Tho the wind had fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"Oh! heavens! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even now, in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The fiends in triumph were ringing his knell.

LIFE

ANONYMOUS

Like to a damask rose you see,
Or like a blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade;
Or like the gourd, which Jonah made:
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and out, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, the man—he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like the tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan:
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
 The hour is short, the span not long,
 The swan's near death, man's life is done.

Like to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like the shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream:
Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
 The bubble's out, the look forgot,
 The shuttle's flung, the writing's blot,
 The thought is past, the dream is gone,
 The waters glide, man's life is done.

Like to an arrow from a bow,
Or like swift course of water flow:
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole:
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
 The arrow shot, the flood soon spent,
 The time no time, the web soon rent,
 The race soon run, the goal soon won,
 The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

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The time no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in a song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like a pear, or like a plum:
Even such is man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

ON THE POWER OF SOUND

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Written at Rydal Mount. I have often regretted that my tour in Ireland, chiefly performed in the short days of October in a carriage-and-four (I was with Mr. Marshall), supplied my memory with so few images that were new, and with so little motive to write. The lines, however, in this poem, "Thou too be heard, lone eagle!" were suggested near the Giant's Causeway, or rather at the promontory of Fairhead, where a pair of eagles wheeled above our heads and darted off as if to hide themselves.

ARGUMENT

The Ear addrest, as occupied by a spiritual functionary, in communion with sounds, individual, or combined in studied harmony—Sources and effects of those sounds (to the close of 6th Stanza)—The power of music, whence proceeding, exemplified in the idiot—Origin of music, and its effect in early ages—How produced (to the middle of tenth Stanza)—The mind recalled to sounds acting casu-

ally and severally—Wish uttered (11th Stanza) that these could be united into a scheme or system for moral interests and intellectual contemplation—(Stanza 12th) The Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe—Imaginations consonant with such a theory—Wish expressed (in 11th Stanza) realized, in some degree, by the representation of all sounds under the form of thanksgiving to the Creator—(Last Stanza) The destruction of the earth and the planetary system—The survival of audible harmony, and its support in the Divine Nature, as revealed in Holy Writ.

I

Thy functions are ethereal,
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,
Organ of vision! And a Spirit aerial
Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind;
Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought
To enter than oracular cave;
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,
And whispers for the heart, their slave;
And shrieks, that revel in abuse
Of shivering flesh; and warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile
Into the ambush of despair;
Hosannas pealing down the longdrawn aisle,
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats
Devoutly, in life's last retreats!

II

The headlong streams and fountains
Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers;
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,
They lull perchance ten thousand thousand flowers.
That roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am*,
How fearful to the desert wide!

That bleat, how tender! of the dam
Calling a straggler to her side.
Shout, cuckoo!—let the vernal soul
Go with thee to the frozen zone;
Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll!
At the still hour to Mercy dear,
Mercy from her twilight throne
Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,
To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,
Or widow's cottage-lullaby.

III

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows
Ye images of voice—to hound and horn
From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows
Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn—
On with your pastime! till the church-tower bells
A greeting give of measured glee;
And milder echoes from their cells
Repeat the bridal symphony.
Then, or far earlier, let us rove
Where mists are breaking up or gone,
And from aloft look down into a cove
Besprinkled with a careless quire,
Happy milkmaids, one by one
Scattering a ditty each to her desire,
A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,
A stream as if from one full heart.

IV

Blest be the song that brightens
The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth;
Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens
His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth.
For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid oar,
And bids it aptly fall, with chime
That beautifies the fairest shore,
And mitigates the harshest clime.

Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file
They move; but soon the appointed way
A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,
And to their hope the distant shrine
Glisten with a livelier ray:
Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,
Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast
Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V.

When civic renovation
Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste
Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration
Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast
Piping through cave and battlemented tower;
Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet
That voice of Freedom, in its power
Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet!
Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads
Incitements of a battle-day,
Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless heads!—
Even She whose Lydian airs inspire
Peaceful striving, gentle play
Of timid hope and innocent desire
Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move
Fanned by the plausive wings of Love.

VI

How oft along thy mazes,
Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions trod!
O, Thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,
And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,
Betray not by the cozenage of sense
Thy votaries, wooingly resigned
To a voluptuous influence
That taints the purer, better mind;

But lead sick Fancy to a harp
That hath in noble tasks been tried;
And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp,
Soothe it into patience—stay
The uplifted arm of Suicide;
And let some mood of thine in firm array
Knit every thought the impending issue needs,
Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds!

VII

As Conscience, to the center
Of being, smites with irresistible pain
So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
The moldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled—
Convulsed as by a jarring din;
And then aghast, as at the world
Of reason partially let in
By concords winding with a sway
Terrible for sense and soul!
Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.
Point not these mysteries to an Art
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of Divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth
With Order dwell, in endless youth!

VIII

Oblivion may not cover
All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time.
Orphean Insight! truth's undaunted lover,
To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,
When Music deigned within this grosser sphere
Her subtle essence to enfold,
And voice and shell drew forth a tear
Softer than Nature's self could mold.

Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age:
Art, daring because souls could feel,
Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage
Of rapt imagination sped her march
Through the realms of wo and weal:
Hell to the lyre bowed low; the upper arch
Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse
Her wan disasters could disperse.

IX

The gift to King Amphion
That walled a city with its melody
Was for belief no dream:—thy skill, Arion!
Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
Leave for one chant—the dulcet sound
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
And listening dolphins gathered round.
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides
A proud One, docile as a managed horse;
And singing, while the accordant hand
Sweeps his harp, the Master rides;
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,
And he, with his preserver, shine star-bright
In memory, through silent night.

X

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds
Couched in the shadow of Manalian pines,
Was passing sweet; the eyeballs of the leopards,
That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang!
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground
In cadence—and Silenus swang
This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.

To life, to *life* give back thine ear:
Ye who are longing to be rid
Of fable, tho to truth subservient, hear
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell
Echoed from the coffin-lid;
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell;
"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,
Repeated-heard, and heard no more!

XI

For terror, joy, or pity,
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes:
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale
Might tempt an angel to descend,
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale.
Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral music—to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory?—O, that ye might stoop to bear
Chains, such precious chains of sight
As labored minstrelsies through ages wear!
O, for a balance fit the truth to tell
Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well!

XII

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;

The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

XIII

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind and chords
Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from her utmost walls
The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim
Transmits to Heaven! As deep to Deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!

XIV

A Voice to Light gave Being;
To Time, and Man, his earth-born chronicler;
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;
The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangelic lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.

O, Silence! are Man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life!
Is harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her smooth tones and discords just,
Tempered into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! tho earth be dust
And vanish, tho the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Word, that shall not pass away.

THE VALE OF AVOCA

BY THOMAS MOORE

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear.
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should
cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

GOING A-MAYING

BY ROBERT HERRICK

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn:
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree!
Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth like the springtime fresh and green
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair:
Fear not; the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth! Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green and trimmed with trees! see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch! each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May,
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth ere this is come
Back and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green-gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even:
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the keys betraying
This night, and locks picked: yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun.
And, as a vapor or a drop of rain,
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,
So when you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

ODE TO THE NORTHEAST WIND

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

Welcome, wild Northeaster!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black Northeaster!
O'er the German foam;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter
Turns us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snowflakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark! The brave Northeaster!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow.

Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious south wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
'Tis the hard gray weather
Breeds hard Englishmen.
What's the soft Southwester?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true-loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black Northeaster,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives out English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

A PERFECT WOMAN

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

She was a fantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death:
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

In tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils, and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure,
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand—through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks,
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from
friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury wondrous to see!
What matter? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get,
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn—
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night and the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches, that's padded with hair,
I never would change thee, my cane-bottomed chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottomed chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in folding such charms,
A thrill must have passed through your withered old arms.
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sate in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face—
A smile on her face and a rose in her hair,
And she sate there, and bloomed in my cane-bottomed chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince,
Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's gone,
In the silence of night, as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she *then* did, all beauty and bloom,
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are drifting, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving elsewhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean.

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright air uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams.

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in deep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: O, hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

And thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.

O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One, too, like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet thou in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE

A Story of Holland

BY PHOEBE CARY

The good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play:
"Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set."

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Tho he wouldn't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!
For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear;

He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he wouldn't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Tho never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm!

And now with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way;
And soon his joyous prattles
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face!
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes;
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said: "He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Tho it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.

He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!
You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.
For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm!

He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Tho he perish at his post!

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe, warm bed;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last;
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all the night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yester eve she had done;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before!

"He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears;
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life!"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero,
Remembered through the years;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told to the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea!

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE*

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A fantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

*By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapt in silence so deep and and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadow something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark truck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weather-cock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall;
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields, to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear;
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore;
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

BY LEIGH HUNT

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on the court:
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side;
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he hoped to
make his bride.

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts
below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went
with their paws.

With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled one on
another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous
smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through
the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here
than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively
dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always
seem'd the same:
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave
can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of
me!

"Kings, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous
fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be
mine!"

She dropp'd her glove to prove his love: then looked on
him and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leapt among the lions wild!

The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained
his place;

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's
face;

"Well done!" cried Francis, "bravely done!" and he rose
from where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity sets love a task like
that!"

KUBLA KHAN: OR, A VISION IN A DREAM

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

In Xanada did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:

Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail,
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THE "ROYAL GEORGE"

BY WILLIAM COWPER

Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset;
Down with the *Royal George*
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With thrice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are bound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plow the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plow the wave no more.

LYCIDAS

BY JOHN MILTON

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rime.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heav'n's descent had sloped his west'ring wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute,
Rough satires danced, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes morn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been here, for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His glory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neëra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heav'n expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethusa, and thou honor'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:

They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscribed with wo.
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts a main),
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy hidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swol'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said;
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers' use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks:
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts daily with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold:
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk tho he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Thro' the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves.
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And heard the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropp'd into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantel blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

THANATOPSIS*

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is awake. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart:
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

*Reprinted from Bryant's Complete Poetical Works, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh

When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite fantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

BY ROBERT T. S. LOWELL

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last:
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on:
It was one day more, of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee:
"When my father comes frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! please, then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of wood-bine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stay'd.

It was smoke and roar, and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death:
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seem'd scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream,
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden: a sudden scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

Then Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she shook my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"*The Highlanders!* Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'—
The M'Gregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'.

"God bless thae bonny Highlanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried:
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Pour'd forth, like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men:
And they startled, for they were there to die:
Was life so near them then?

They listened for life: and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all: and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned their guns once more.

Then Jessie said: "That slogan's dune;
But can ye no hear them noo—
The Campbells are comin'? It's no a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders,
And now they played "*Auld Lang Syne*";
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobb'd in a crowd:
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thank'd God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the General, too, her hand, and cheers
From the men, like a volley, burst,

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan stream'd
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
For the pipes played "*Auld Lang Syne*."

THE SEA-KING'S BURIAL

BY CHARLES MACKAY

"The old Norse kings, when about to die, had their body laid into a ship, the ship sent forth with sails set and slow fire burning in it, that, once out to sea, it might blaze up in flame, and in such manner bury worthily the old hero at once in the sky and in the ocean."—Carlyle's "Hero Worship."

"My strength is failing fast,"
Said the sea-king to his men;
"I shall never sail the seas
Like a conqueror again.
But while yet a drop remains
Of the life-blood in my veins,
Raise, oh, raise me from the bed;
Put the crown upon my head;
Put my good sword in my hand;
And so lead me to the strand,
Where my ship at anchor rides
Steadily;
If I can not end my life
In the crimson'd battle-strife,
Let me die as I have lived,
On the sea."

They have raised King Balder up,
Put his crown upon his head;
They have sheathed his limbs in mail,
And the purple o'er him spread;

And amid the greeting rude
Of a gathering multitude,
Borne him slowly to the shore—
All the energy of yore
From his dim eyes flashing forth—
Old sea-lion of the North—
As he looked upon his ship
 Riding free,
And on his forehead pale
Felt the cold refreshing gale,
And heard the welcome sound
 Of the sea.

They have borne him to the ship
 With a slow and solemn tread;
They have placed him on the deck
 With his crown upon his head,
Where he sat as on a throne;
And have left him there alone,
With his anchor ready weighed,
And his snowy sails displayed
To the favoring wind, once more
Blowing freshly from the shore;
And have bidden him farewell
 Tenderly,
Saying, "*King of mighty men,
We shall meet thee yet again
In Valhalla, with the monarchs
 Of the sea.*"

Underneath him in the hold
They had placed the lighted brand;
And the fire was burning slow
 As the vessel from the land
Like a stag-hound from the slips,
Darted forth from out the ships.
There was music in her sail,
As it swelled before the gale,

And a dashing at her prow
As it cleft the waves below,
And the good ship sped along,
 Scudding free;
As on many a battle morn
In her time she had been borne,
To struggle and to conquer
 On the sea.

And the king, with sudden strength,
 Started up, and paced the deck,
With his good sword for his staff,
 And his robe around his neck:
Once alone, he raised his hand
To the people on the land;
And with shout and joyous cry,
Once again they made reply,
Till the loud exulting cheer
Sounded faintly on his ear;
For the gale was o'er him blowing
 Fresh and free;
And ere yet an hour had passed,
He was driven before the blast,
And a storm was on his path,
 On the sea.

“So blow, ye tempests, blow,
 And my spirit shall not quail:
I have fought with many a foe,
 I have weathered many a gale;
And in this hour of death,
Ere I yield my fleeting breath—
Ere the fire now burning slow
Shall come rushing from below,
And this worn and wasted frame
Be devoted to the flame,
I will raise my voice in triumph,
 Singing free:

To the great All-Father's home
I am driving through the foam,
I am sailing to Valhalla,
O'er the sea.

"So blow, ye stormy winds—
And, ye flames, ascend on high—
In the easy, idle bed
Let the slave and coward die!
But give me the driving keel,
Clang of shields and flashing steel;
Or my foot on foreign ground,
With my enemies around!
Happy, happy, thus I'd yield,
On the deck or in the field,
My last breath, shouting, 'On
To victory.'
But since this has been denied,
They shall say that I have died
Without flinching, like a monarch
Of the sea."

And Balder spoke no more,
And no sound escaped his lip:
And he looked, yet scarcely saw
The destruction of his ship,
Nor the fleet sparks mounting high,
Nor the glare upon the sky;
Scarcely heard the billows dash,
Nor the burning timber crash:
Scarcely felt the scorching heat
That was gathering at his feet,
Nor the fierce flames mounting o'er him
Greedily.
But the life was in him yet,
And the courage to forget
All his pain, in his triumph
O'er the sea.

Once alone a cry arose,
Half of anguish, half of pride,
As he sprang upon his feet,
With the flames on every side.
"I am coming!" said the king,
"Where the swords and bucklers ring—
Where the warrior lives again
With the souls of mighty men—
Where the weary find repose,
And the red wine ever flows:
I am coming, great All-Father,
Unto Thee!
Unto Odin, unto Thor,
And the strong, true hearts of yore—
I am coming to Valhalla,
O'er the sea."

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, welladay! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppress'd,
Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.
No more on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroll'd, light as lark at morn;

No longer courted and carress'd,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorn'd and poor,
He begg'd his bread from door to door.
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The minstrel gazed with wistful eye—
No humbler resting-place was nigh,
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal arch he pass'd,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Tho born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter, rest him, God!

A braver ne'er to battle rode;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch:
And, would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Tho' stiff his hand, his voice tho' weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The aged minstrel audience gain'd;
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy, of pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain!
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain,
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had play'd it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wish'd, yet fear'd to try
The long-forgotten melody.
Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;

And lighten'd up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft and strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost,
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the latest minstrel sung:

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High tho his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

ABSALOM

BY N. P. WILLIS

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
And such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—

For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd,
In agony that would not be controll'd,
Strong supplication; and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

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The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straighten'd for the grave; and, as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soil'd
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jewel'd hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall stedfastly,
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this cloistering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill.
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*My father!*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung:
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:
And thy dark sin! Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;

And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

BY THOMAS GRAY

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf o'er many a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll:
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, who with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest—
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood;

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlett'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him from the custom'd hill.
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree.
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heavens did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BOYS*

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalog's spite!
Old Times is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy—young jackanapes! show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" Yes! *white*, if we please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing can
freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we are old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction—of course, it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—What's his name!—don't make
me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look.
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the boys!

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT IV, SCENE 1—*Venice. A Court of Justice*

Enter the DUKE: the MAGNIFICOES; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, and others.

Duke. What is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salar. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our face.
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange
Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty;
And where thou now exact'st the penalty—
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh—
Thou wilt not only lose this forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;

Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But say it is my humor: is it answer'd?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Can not contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths. Now for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he can not abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a wauling bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can, I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offense is not a hate at first.

Shy. What! Wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that—than which what's harder?—
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means;
But with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You may have among you many a purchas'd slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer:
The slaves are ours: so do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters: call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You can not better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, drest like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both. my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.
[Presents a letter.]

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart: some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

Clerk. Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt
of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your
messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young
doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him
with the cause in controversy between the Jew and An-
tonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together:
he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his
own learning—the greatness whereof I can not enough
commend—comes with him, at my opportunity, to fill up
your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his
lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend
estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a
head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial
shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, drest like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Can not impugn you as you do proceed.

[To ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It can not be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! Yea, Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true! O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
“Nearest his heart”: those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I can not find it: 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

And age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honorable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a
daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little: there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh":
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge !

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be prov'd against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts,
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one-half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly, too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirits,
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one-half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more, that, for this favor,
He presently becomes a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? What dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you give me leave to go from hence:
I am not well. Send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In Christening thou shalt have two godfathers;
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

-[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

Duke. Sir, I entreat, you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon:
I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, MAGNIFICOES, and Train.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me when we meet again:
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.
[*To ANT.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your
sake;
[*To BASS.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from
you.

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir! alas! it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should never sell nor give nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
And if your wife be not a mad-woman,
And know well I have deserv'd the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*]

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT IV SCENE 3—*The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.*

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day:

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valor.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Bed. He is as full of valor as of kindness; princely in both.

Enter KING HENRY.

West. O! that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will, I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian":
Then he will strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here.
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England,
coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
men;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! Why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, tho buried in your dung-hills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valor in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this—
As, if God please, they shall—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.]

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vanward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march
away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*

JULIUS CAESAR

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ACT III, SCENE 2—*Rome. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons.
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens;*

BRUTUS goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause;
and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine

honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I love Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is there so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, tho he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live! live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen——

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus's sake, I am beholding to you.

[Goes up.

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus's sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans——

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I came to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest——

For Brutus is an honorable man;

So are they all, all honorable men——

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Upon their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O! what would come of it.

Fourth Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers. The will!
read the will.

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then ~~make~~ a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. [ANTONY comes down.]

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony; most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors! villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge!—About!—Seek!—Burn!
Fire!—Kill!—Slay! Let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen!

First Cit. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable:

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your love?

Alas! you know not: I must tell you then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true. The will! let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them to you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never! Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt CITIZENS, with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a SERVANT.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

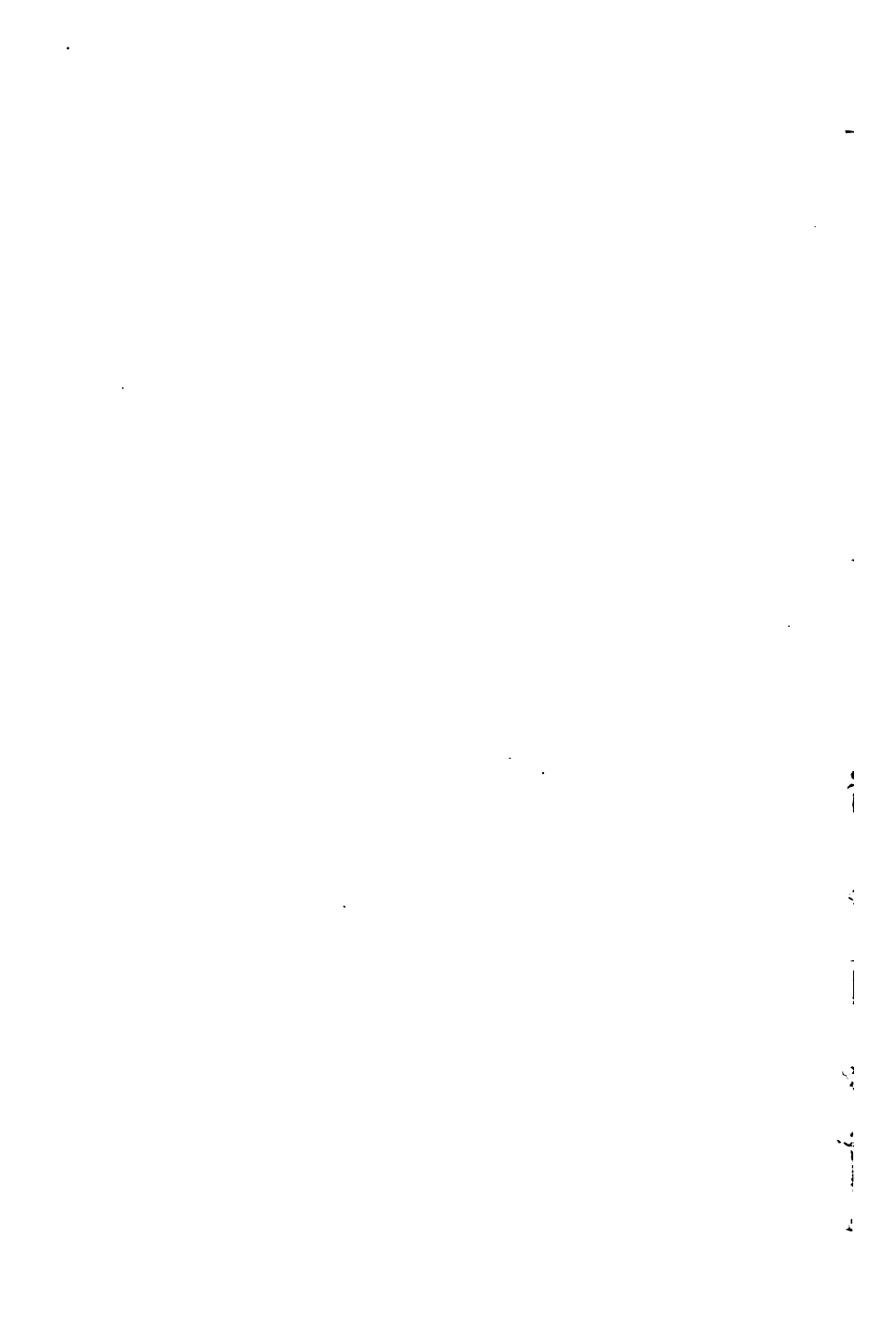
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people.
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

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